

HISTORIC ^{AND} HEROIC LYNCHBURG

DON P. HALSEY

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HISTORIC *and* HEROIC LYNCHBURG

By DON P. HALSEY



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HISTORIC AND HEROIC LYNCHBURG

In endpaper 80

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FOREWORD

The approaching celebration of Lynchburg's Sesqui-Centennial anniversary, which occurs in 1936, renders it timely for loyal Lynchburgers to turn their thoughts to the men and women of bygone days, and the events and places associated with them which have given renown and lustre to the city we all love so well.

With this end in view I have gathered together a number of the speeches I have been privileged to make on various occasions when we have assembled ourselves together to commemorate some of the people and deeds which have rendered Lynchburg historic and heroic. The list is by no means complete. There are many, many others deserving to have their memorials placed in permanent form. Those included in this little volume will suffice, however, to give a glimpse of at least some of the high spots of Lynchburg's history from its earliest times until today, and may, perhaps, suggest to others the perpetuation in written form of other historic happenings and characters associated with Lynchburg's development, accomplishments, and growth. For instance, may I not here make the suggestion that a brief volume dealing with the achievements of Lynchburg in Literature would be appropriate, interesting, and inspiring at this time? Such a compilation could include selections from the poetry and writings of such Lynchburgers as Mrs. Margaret Cabell, Bransford Vawter, Mrs. Cornelia J. M. Jordan, Mrs. May Randolph Fleming, Rev. Edward S. Gregory, Dr. H. Grey Latham, Duval Porter, Charles W. Button, Major Robert H. Glass, Colonel Lawrence S. Marye, Captain N. J. Floyd, and others of former years, and such of the present day as Mrs. Rosa F. Yancey, Edley Craighill, Miss Georgie Tillman Snead, Ben Belitt and the Edmunds brothers, Murrell and Abe. Who will undertake the task? Among those who could do it well are Mrs. Yancey, Miss Rosa Kent Gregory, Honorable H. C. Featherston and a number of others. I hope some one of them will do it.

It is not hoped that this little collection of addresses will deserve to be classed along with such valuable contributions to the history of Lynchburg as Mrs. Clifford Cabell's "Sketches and Recollections of Lynchburg," Rev. Asbury Christian's "Lynchburg and Its People," (now out of print, but richly deserving republication) Miss Ruth Early's "Campbell Chronicles," Mr. J. P. Bell's "Quaker Friends," or, last but not least, Mrs. Rosa F. Yancey's recently published "Lynchburg and Its Neighbors." It is hoped, however, that it will at least serve to recall to the people of the Lynchburg of the present time that our annals contain many heroic records deserving of the grateful and continued recollection of those who inhabit our old home town, and to inspire in them the determination that these records shall be handed on to arouse in those who are to come after us the spirit of pride in our past and of emulation for the future.

While not comprehensive, it is at least representative of the principal periods, places, and persons in Lynchburg's history. John Lynch and Thomas Jefferson carry us back to the Revolutionary days when the city was founded. Of the Civil War period, to which the greater part of its space is devoted, we may find references to the Battle of Lynchburg; to the five generals Lynchburg gave to the Confederacy,—Early, Rodes, Garland, Dearing, and Munford, as well as to many other brave officers and men; to the noble women of the Confederacy so well typified by Lucy Mina Otey. Of representative women in civil life I mention Mary Virginia Ellet Cabell and Ruth Hairston Early. Of members of the bar, I refer to such lawyers as Garlands, Blackford, Davis, and Lewis, and many others as mentioned in the appendix. The medical profession is represented in the persons of Colonel and Doctor Rawley W. Martin and Doctor J. J. Terrell. The Christian ministry is nobly represented by Dr. Carson. Church history in the sketches of St. Paul's and Grace Memorial, and the World War period in the address delivered at the dedication of the tablet in St. Paul's Church to those gallant boys, Barger, Butler, Campbell, Glenn, and Stevens, who gave up their lives in that mighty conflict.

On account of their true reflection of the spirit of Lynchburg's noble past, as well as their eloquence of expression, and the historical material they contain, I have taken the liberty of including

in an appendix Major John W. Daniel's oration at the Centennial Celebration of 1886, and his speeches at the funeral of the five heroic firemen who lost their lives in the Virginian Building fire, and at the banquet to Judge James Garland on his 90th birthday. I have included also Mr. Fred Harper's beautiful address at the unveiling of General Dearing's portrait in the Court House at Rustburg. For his permission to do so I hereby acknowledge my gratitude. I also wish to thank Mr. J. Dudley Holt for furnishing the copy I have used of the firemen's funeral oration of Maj. Daniel together with the newspaper account of the occasion, and Mr. Martin L. Brown for making the index.

DON P. HALSEY.

Lynchburg, Va., December, 1935.

I

THE BEGINNING OF LYNCHBURG

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE
BOULDER AT UNION DEPOT, MAY 8, 1913

Madam Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are assembled this lovely afternoon to witness a most interesting and important event. Today we unveil a tablet which marks the spot where our beautiful and thriving city had its humble beginning. For this tablet and imposing and picturesque boulder of native stone upon which it has been fastened we are indebted to the unselfish efforts of the ladies composing the Lynchburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and to them we make our grateful acknowledgments. The national organization of which they are members is well known for its labors along patriotic and educational lines. One branch of its work has been that of marking and preserving historic places identified with important events in the early days of our country's existence. In carrying out this purpose by placing this stone and tablet the Lynchburg Daughters have performed a public service which deserves and will receive the sincere appreciation of all Lynchburgers who feel a just pride in the development and growth of this city. Our thanks are also due to Dr. C. T. Hennig and Mr. Livingston Ireland, of the Piedmont Manganese Company, who gave the boulder which weighs over 40,000 pounds; to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which brought it here, and to the Norfolk and Western Railway Company, which provided the site on which it rests. It was placed here on August 9, 1912, but for various reasons the ceremony of its unveiling and dedication has been postponed until today

This boulder and tablet will remain here as a permanent memorial of the man who founded Lynchburg, and will serve as a constant reminder not only to our citizens, but to the thousands who daily pass along these great highways of steel, of the fact

that here was laid the foundation of a city which has already accomplished a wonderful record and which is destined to go on to higher and still higher achievements. Over a century and a half ago, in 1755, John Lynch, the Quaker ancestor of many of those who still reside in Lynchburg (among them the charming little ladies, Misses Annie and Elizabeth Jennings, his daughters of the sixth generation, who will perform the service of unveiling here this afternoon), built near this spot the first house ever erected within the boundaries now comprising our corporate limits. Two years later, in 1757, he established a ferry across the river which had its southern landing just yonder at the point where the bridge now is, and on the Amherst side, built a warehouse which he called "Madison Warehouse," from which the town now over there takes its name.

What a contrast between then and now! Then as now the historic and lovely river flowed peacefully along between its green and shaded banks, then as now the surrounding mountains lifted their imperial heads as a barrier against the destructive cyclone and raging tempest, but there were no railways nor factories; no churches nor schools; no imposing office buildings nor palatial hotels; no beautiful residences nor busy streets; no hum of active enterprise nor shriek of industrial whistle. The only sounds that broke the primeval stillness were the songs of the birds in the forests that still clothed the hills whereon our city stands, the lowing of the pioneer's modest herd and the crack of the huntsman's rifle. Had you looked around for Lynchburg then, you would have found it only in the ferryman's boat as it plied across the bridgeless stream and his humble lodging on the bank. Since then what mighty events have transpired! The struggling colonies have fought the mother country and won their independence. A stupendous Republic has grown from weak and scattered settlements and a fair fabric of free government has arisen out of the ruins of oppression and despotism. Less than three millions of people have grown to more than a hundred millions, and in the meantime have survived the ravages of destructive wars, fires and floods. Progress has leaped forward like the chariots of the sun. Steam and electricity have wrought their wondrous miracles. Art and science and education have brought their enlightening influence into operation until the

mind of man is hardly able to grasp the extent of their advance. In all of these things Lynchburg has played her part and played it well. She stands today in the front rank of the cities of a Commonwealth which in all these matters has taken a leading part, and now faces the future with the same dauntless courage and integrity of purpose which have made her glorious in the past. As we look forward to that future, well may our hearts swell with pride and hope and exultation. What wonders the century now in its second decade is to bring forth no prophet can foretell, but we can at least rest secure in the confidence that whatever it may unfold, its close will find our Godly city still sitting serenely upon her majestic hills, with wider boundaries, greater industries, multiplied population, and more splendid achievements along every line of civic progress and moral advancement. So mote it be; and as the traveler in the future pauses here to observe this stone and observe this tablet, may he be able to see around him a city to which the Lynchburg of today can be compared only as the hamlet of John Lynch's time can be compared to the city of the present day. When that time comes may he be truly inspired to believe that Lynchburg has been true to herself. As sang the gifted poetess of Lynchburg, Mrs. Cornelia J. M. Jordan, so well remembered by many here present:

“May friends or strangers gazing then
On leafy spire and steeple
Say of us, with ancestral pride,
They were a noble people.

“The grew in knowledge, virtue, grace,
They put forth strength together,
As green trees by the water's edge,
Whose leaf nor branch may wither.”

II

JEFFERSON'S SUPREME SERVICE

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE TABLET AT POPLAR FOREST, VA., JULY 4, 1928

Madame Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We commemorate today, not only the one hundred and fifty-second anniversary of American Independence, but in a very special sense, the life and character of that remarkable man whose pen wrote its Declaration, and whose services in the foundation and upbuilding of our republic were among the very greatest. Along with Henry, the orator, and Washington, the soldier, stands Jefferson, the statesman, and his contributions to our country's freedom and greatness deserve, equally with theirs, the gratitude of all Americans.

It is eminently fitting, therefore, that the patriotic members of Poplar Forest Chapter, D. A. R., should place this tablet here at this "other home" of Thomas Jefferson, where in his latter years he was wont to seek rest and seclusion, and find better opportunity for reflection and writing than could be found even at Monticello, where all the world came to pay its tribute to the great sage and philosopher, and where the demands of hospitality drained his vitality as well as his resources. Here, under these giant poplars and on this green sward he walked and talked and thought and wrote, and here, as well as at his well loved home near Charlottesville, or at the White House in Washington, or at Independence Hall in Philadelphia, we may commune with his great spirit and find the inspiration to nobler patriotism and better citizenship. Traveling over rough roads in that famous old "hard-going gig," which is still preserved and was exhibited at the Sesqui-Centennial,* he would come here for "tranquillity and retirement." In a letter to Dr. Benjamin Rush, dated at Poplar Forest, August 17, 1811, he said: "I write to you from a place ninety miles from

* Philadelphia, 1926.

Monticello, near the New London of this State, which I visit three or four times a year, and stay from a fortnight to a month at a time. I have fixed myself comfortably, keep some books here, bring others occasionally, am in the solitude of a hermit and quite at leisure to attend to my absent friends." During that same visit he wrote to his friend and neighbor, "Parson" Clay, that he had been amusing himself with "calculating the hour lines of an horizontal dial for the latitude of this place" which he found to be thirty-seven degrees, twenty-two minutes, twenty-six seconds.

The versatility of Thomas Jefferson was amazing. On his first meeting with Parson Clay, before the latter knew who he was, he talked of mechanics in such a manner that the parson surmised he was an eminent engineer; then changing his discourse to agriculture he convinced Mr. Clay that he must be a farmer on a large scale, and finally when religion became the topic the clergyman felt sure that he was talking with a member of his own profession. As an architect, Mr. Jefferson not only designed his home at Poplar Forest and his larger home at Monticello, but he also drew the plans for the principal buildings at the University of Virginia, and for the Capitol and the State Penitentiary at Richmond, all of them masterpieces of taste and skill. He was a learned lawyer, an accomplished linguist, master of Greek, Latin, French and Italian, an expert mathematician, an authoritative historian, a talented musician, a successful farmer, an inventor of note, an astronomer, a naturalist, a geologist, a horseman, a connoisseur of art, a prodigious and prolific writer, as well as the foremost statesman and political philosopher of his age. It was Jefferson who prepared the ordinance by which Virginia gave to the Union the Northwest Territory, well described by Senator Vest as "the most princely gift in all 'the annals of recorded time'." It was he who negotiated the Louisiana Purchase from Napoleon, by which the United States acquired territory extending our limits from ocean to ocean and secured possession of the mouth of the Mississippi. While in Congress, as Chairman of the Committee on Coins and Currency, he gave his country the decimal system of money, the best that man has devised. During his public career he was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses and of the Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of

State, Vice President of the United States, and President for two terms. But none of all these great talents, accomplishments, offices, honors and titles is mentioned upon the stone which marks his grave. He himself wrote his epitaph, and, being above all an apostle of liberty, he chose as his three greatest claims to immortality, his services in behalf of civil liberty, religious liberty and intellectual liberty. "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." As has been nobly said, "Jefferson rightly measured his own work when he looked back over a long and eventful life, and ignoring the foothills of honor saw only the mountain peaks of service, . . .

not the things he had received but the things he had given to the world; not the things that men had done for him, but the things he had done for mankind." If he laid stress upon any one of his three great achievements for human freedom, I believe that it was upon his service in behalf of religious freedom, the freedom of the soul. It is not, therefore, the Declaration of Independence, although this is the 4th of July, that I would speak especially today, nor yet the establishment of the University of Virginia and Jefferson's work for universal education, but rather that other great monument of service which he erected, and which he placed second in order, in his epitaph, because second in time, although first in importance and in its far reaching benefits not only to America but to all the world. If Jefferson had done nothing else but write and establish as the law of the land the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, it would have been enough to insure him a place high among the immortals and to place his name among the very greatest of those who have lived to bless their fellow-men, and rendered the very fullest measure of service that man has ever given to man. If from his porticos at Monticello or Poplar Forest he dreamily looked across these bright Virginia meadows in the declining years of his life and saw through the summer haze the dream of years that had gone, or if, lifting up his eyes to the mountains in the distance he caught the brighter vision of the years to come, I doubt if he contemplated aught in either the past or the future that brought greater satisfaction to his inmost being than the fact that he had been largely instru-

mental in striking the shackles from the conscience of mankind, and in establishing absolute freedom in the realm of religion. "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God," was the motto on his seal, and "I have sworn on the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man," was the guiding principle of his life. "If," then, to quote his own words, "to the dead it be permitted to care for the things of this world," we cannot doubt that the spirit of Jefferson is with us here today, and pronounces his benediction upon us as we place this tablet to his memory and recall his victory in what, when nearly eighty years old, he spoke of as the most terrible contest in his long and stormy career.

In that contest, Mr. Jefferson was constantly held up by his opponents to scorn and ridicule and obloquy and execration as himself an atheist and an infidel. Never was man more unjustly defamed. So far from being an enemy of religion, he was one of its foremost defenders and worthiest exponents. As was said by Dr. E. N. Calisch, a prominent Jewish Rabbi, of Richmond, "Jefferson had far more religion than his detractors, I care not how orthodox their views or how frequent their church attendance." He was brought up in the Church of England, and one of his earliest recollections was of repeating the Lord's Prayer. He contributed liberally to churches and Bible societies, and went frequently to church, taking his prayer-book with him and joining in the prayers and responses. He wrote to Dr. Rush, "To the corruptions of Christianity I am indeed opposed, but not to the genuine precepts of Jesus Himself. I am a Christian in the sense in which He wished anyone to be, sincerely attached to His doctrines in preference to all others." Again, in a letter to his young grandson, written only a short time before he died, he used these noble words, a worthier guide to youth than the advice of Polonius to his son, "This letter will be to you as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate father has requested that I would address you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run, and I, too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good disposition on your part. Adore God. Rever-

ence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbour as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence, so that the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it be permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard." Could this letter have been written by an infidel? The clear belief in immortality which it expresses, the reverent love and worship of God, are in full accord with his life and other writings. Both in his first and second inaugural address, in other public addresses and in many private conversations and writings, he humbly acknowledged the existence, the wisdom and power and mercy of God and prayerfully sought His help and guidance for himself, his friends and his country. When the shades of death gathered around him, almost with his last breath he was heard to murmur in the words of the *Nunc Dimittis*, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." If such a life and death as Jefferson's be not those of a Christian, to whose life and death may we look for a better example? His faith may not have been in accordance with dogmatic theology, but it was the fearless faith of an earnest, serious, honest man, a deeply reverent and religious spirit, a firm believer in God and in the supreme justice and infinite wisdom of His overruling Providence, utterly free from cant and hypocrisy. He was by nature averse to publishing his religious tenets, which were the result of profound study and reflection, and never engaged in religious controversy, preferring even to suffer in silence the attacks of his bitter and unrelenting foes and "leave them to the reproof of their own consciences," following the example of Jesus, of Whose teachings he said, "Precepts of philosophy and of the Hebrew Code laid hold of action only. He pushed His scrutinies into the heart of man, erected His tribunal in the region of his thoughts, and purified the waters at the fountain head." In a letter to Rev. Chas. Clay written from Poplar Forest in 1815 he spoke of the precepts of Jesus as "the most sublime edifice of morality ever exhibited to man." In the same letter he said, "I have probably said more to you 'on religion' than to any other person. We have had many hours of conversation in duetto in our meetings at the Forest." Mr. Clay himself testified that Jefferson was not

an atheist nor an irreligious man, but "one of juster sentiments he never met." To charge him with atheism, therefore, or infidelity, or enmity to religion, could only be the fruit of folly, or the wicked vaporings of "envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness."

He was not only a true believer, but one who showed his faith by his works and in unselfish love and service to his fellow man, showing both by life and doctrine that "deed is better than dogma" and "to serve humanity is to serve humanity's God." Why, then, was Jefferson so bitterly hated and denounced in his lifetime, and so cruelly and malignantly reviled and slandered after his death, by many of those whose profession it was to teach the religion of love? It was because he forced the separation of Church and State and erected a "middle wall of partition" between them. When he began his fight for religious freedom it was a crime not to baptize a child into the Church of England, which was the established Church in Virginia; by act of the General Assembly it was a penal offense to bring a Quaker into the Colony, and those already here "were to be imprisoned until they should abjure the country," with "milder punishment for their first or second return, but death for their third," and although it was never done in Virginia, by law a heretic could be punished by fire or stripes. To quote Jefferson's own words in describing the then existing conditions in Virginia, "By our own act of Assembly of 1705, if a person brought up in the Christian religion denies the existence of a God, or the Trinity, or asserts there are more Gods than one, or denies the Christian religion to be true, or the Scriptures to be of divine authority, he is punishable on the first offense by incapacity to hold any office or employment, ecclesiastical, civil or military; on the second, by disability to sue, to take any gift or legacy, to be guardian, executor or administrator, and by three years' imprisonment without bail. A father's right to the custody of his own children being founded in law on his right of guardianship, this being taken away, they may of course be severed from him and put by the authority of the Court into more orthodox hands." Think of that! A man's children taken away from him because of his belief or lack of belief in a religious doctrine! More than that, all persons of whatever belief, were compelled by law to pay tithes to the established Church, and dissenters, like Baptists, Methodists and Presby-

terians, not only compelled to pay, but to have their ministers declared disturbers of the peace and thrown into jail like common felons.

It may not be pleasant to a Virginian and an Episcopalian, like myself, to review such a state of affairs, but I am comforted, nay, more, I am filled with pride, when I think that Jefferson, too, was a Virginian and an Episcopalian, and that he fought these abuses to their downfall. Believing in God himself he nevertheless believed just as firmly that other men had the right to believe in Him, or not, as they chose, or to believe in and worship Him, or any other god or gods, or none, according to the dictates of their own hearts and consciences, and pursuant to any doctrines of theology they might accept with their minds. "Believing that religion is solely a matter that lies between a man and his God, that he owes account to none other for his faith and worship, that the legislative powers of government reach actions only and not opinions," he strove with all the power of his mighty intellect and all the zeal of his earnest soul for the enactment of a law which should guarantee the free exercise of man's right to choose for himself the manner in which he should believe in and worship his Maker, and in this strife he was successful. He drafted this Statute several years before it became a law, and when it was finally brought before the Legislature, the battle raged for months before it could be enacted. But when the victory came it was complete. In the very words in which Jefferson wrote it, it remains today a Statute of Virginia, Section 34 of the Code, and not only in Virginia is it the law, but to all intents and purposes it is a part of our Federal Constitution, embodied in Article VI and in the first clause of the First Amendment, as well as in the Constitution and Bill of Rights of every State in the Union. In every revision of the laws of Virginia, from the time of its enactment until now, it has been retained, preamble and all, in its original form, and Legislature after Legislature has reenacted it, and solemnly proclaimed in the language of Section 35, "The General Assembly doth now again declare that the rights asserted in the said act are of the natural rights of mankind." May the time never come when impious or fanatical man shall alter or amend one syllable of its sound and beneficent provisions.

The language of that immortal Statute is concise and clear, containing not a superfluous word, yet embracing all that is necessary to guard and protect religious liberty: *“Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested or burthened, in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities.”*

More than half a century after its passage, this act came under review by the General Court of Virginia, in considering the admissibility to testify of a witness who did not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, and in Perry's case (3 Gratt. 632), it was eloquently said by Judge John Scott, who delivered the opinion that it “wholly and permanently, separated religion, or the duty which we owe our Creator, from our political and civil government; putting all religions on a footing of perfect equality; protecting all; imposing neither burdens nor civil incapacities upon any; conferring privileges upon none. . . . Placing the Christian religion where it stood in the days of its purity, before its alliance with the civil magistrate; when its votaries employed for its advancement no methods but such as are congenial to its nature; when, to use the language of an eloquent divine, its advocates, ‘By the force of powerful arguments convinced the understandings of men, and by the charm of superior virtue captivated their hearts.’ Proclaiming to all our citizens that henceforth their religious thoughts and conversation shall be as free as the air they breathe; that the law is of no sect or religion; has no high priest but justice. Declaring to the Christian and the Mahometan, the Jew and the Gentile, the Epicurean and the Platonist (if any such there be among us) that so long as they keep within its pale, all are equally objects of its protection; securing safety to the people, safety to the government, safety to religion; and (leaving reason free to combat error) securing purity of faith and practice far more effectually than by clothing the ministers of religion with exclusive temporal privileges; and exposing them to the corrupting influence of wealth

and power." Time and again have our courts followed this opinion and quoted its language, and rueful will be the day, if ever our people depart therefrom. As was said by the late Judge Martin P. Burks, of the Supreme Court of Virginia, (In the case of *Pirkey Bros. v. Commonwealth*, 134 Va. 720), "It will be observed from these declarations that while there was a fixed purpose to sever Church and State, and to give the fullest freedom of conscience, and to abolish tithes and spiritual Courts, there was no assault upon Christianity, or any other religious faith." There is no danger to Christianity, or to Protestantism, either, but rather a strong bulwark of protection to them both, in Jefferson's Statute of Religious Freedom, and it may, therefore, well cause amazement to thoughtful minds that in this day of enlightenment there should be those so fatuous in their folly as to desire to proscribe the candidacy for office, high or low, of any man because of his religious belief. To such let me commend the language of the Preamble to the Statute of Religious Freedom: "*The proscribing of any citizen as unworthy of the public confidence by laying upon him an incapacity of being called to offices of trust and emolument, unless he profess or renounce this or that religious opinion, is depriving him injuriously to those privileges and advantages to which, in common with his fellow citizens, he has a natural right; that it tends only to corrupt the principles of that religion it is meant to encourage, by bribing, with a monopoly of worldly honors and emoluments, those who will externally profess and conform to it; that though, indeed, those are criminal who do not withstand such temptation, yet, neither are those innocent who lay the bait in their way.*"

Hearken, O, Americans, to these words of wisdom, and let not the serpent of intolerance entice you from the counsel of the Father of American Democracy! If the American people had listened to the political preachers of that day, Jefferson would never have been President of the United States, and we may well take warning and beware lest bigotry light again the fires of fanaticism, which, having gotten beyond control, may burn down the entire Temple of Liberty. The union of Church and State, the enforcement of religion or morality by law instead of by education and persuasion, the domination of political parties or legislative bodies by religious

sects or ecclesiastical politicians, are all alike illogical and dangerous. As was said by one whose orthodoxy as to fundamentalism or Protestantism could never be questioned—the late William Jennings Bryan: “Jefferson pointed out that God had it in His power to control man’s mind and body, but that He did not see fit to coerce the mind or the body into obedience to even the divine will; and that if God Himself was not willing to use coercion to force man to accept certain religious views, man uninspired and liable to error ought not to use the means that Jehovah would not employ. Jefferson realized that our religion was a religion of love and not a religion of force.” In that great Preamble to the Statute which I have already quoted from, Jefferson paid the highest tribute to the power of truth to overcome error by its own strength without the aid of man-made law. *“And finally,”* it says, *“that truth is great and will prevail if left to herself; that she is the proper and sufficient antagonist of error, and has nothing to fear from the conflict, unless by human interposition, disarmed of her natural weapons—free argument and debate; errors ceasing to be dangerous when it is permitted freely to contradict them.”* Again, let me say with Bryan, “Tell me that Jefferson lacked reverence for religion! He rather lacks reverence who believes that religion is unable to defend herself in a contest with error. He places a low estimate upon the strength of religion, who thinks that the wisdom of God must be supplemented by the force of man’s puny arm.”

To conclude, then, let me say again, that, bearing in mind all of his other great deeds and services, the Master of Poplar Forest rendered his supreme service to mankind in giving us the Statute of Religious Freedom. Without it Civil Liberty and Universal Education would lose their strongest support and be unable to live; tyranny over the soul would soon extend its hold to mind and body, and all the fair fabric of freedom would crumble into dust. I cannot better, therefore, bring this humble tribute to an end than by quoting still again from that prince of orators and Jeffersonian disciple, speaking at the height of his great career and in the fullness of his splendid mental powers, William Jennings Bryan: “It has been said that it marks an epoch in history when God lets loose a thinker in the world. God let loose a thinker when Jefferson was

born. Carlyle says that thought is stronger than artillery parks; that thought moulds the world like soft clay; that it writes and unwrites laws, makes and unmakes parliaments—and that back of every great thought is love; that love is the ruling force in the world. I believe it is true. I believe that Jefferson's greatness rests more upon his love of humankind than upon his intellect—great as was his intellect, and that he was great because his heart was big enough to embrace the world. And the people loved him 'because he first loved them.' He wanted our religion to rest on the basis of love and not on the basis of force; and when we get down to the foundation of our government, and the foundation of our religion, we find that they alike rest on the doctrine of human brotherhood—on the doctrine that 'all men are created equal,' 'that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights,'—rights that government did not give, rights that government cannot take away; that the object of government is to secure to the individual the enjoyment of his inalienable rights, and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. But all of these things rest upon that conception of human brotherhood which one cannot have unless he has the love that is back of every great thought. I believe that when Jefferson assisted in establishing religious freedom, he assisted in giving to our government its strongest support. Chain the conscience, bind the heart, and you cannot have for the support of our form of government the strength and the enthusiasm it deserves. But let conscience be free to commune with its God; let the heart be free to send forth its love, and the conscience and the heart will be the best defenders of a government resting upon the consent of the governed."

III.

HEROES OF THE BATTLE OF LYNCHBURG

ADDRESS BEFORE THE FORT HILL CLUB
APRIL 9, 1924

It is certainly a pleasure to respond to the kind invitation of the Fort Hill Club to address them on this anniversary of that fateful day when fifty-nine years ago the heroic Army of Northern Virginia, reduced to a ragged fragment of its former invincible legions, but still animated by its dauntless and deathless spirit of valor, succumbed to the pressure of "overwhelming numbers and resources."

At such a time you will naturally expect me to speak upon some subject connected with that cause to every Southern heart so dear, the cause of the Southern Confederacy, "the storm cradled native that fell," but whose memories grow in glory and in fame as its heroes one by one depart. So indeed I shall, but in a way especially connected with this City of our home and affections and more particularly with the memories of that dread day when its existence was threatened by a cruel foe, and when it was saved by the blood of heroes shed in large measure upon this very spot where you have erected this splendid memorial to their bravery and devotion.

The Battle of Lynchburg, which occurred on the 18th day of June, 1864, does not loom very large upon the pages of history, written, as it has been, too largely, by Northern historians, but nevertheless, it was an action of no small importance, and the Confederate victory won that day served no doubt to postpone the inevitable downfall of the Southern cause for nearly a year. For so important was Lynchburg as a depot of medical and commissary supplies, as a railroad centre, and hospital post, that it was a strategical point of vital necessity to the Confederacy and its capture by the Union forces at that time would have exposed the armies of the South to unavoidable doom and disaster. In his orders for the taking of this City General Grant wrote to his subordinate to whom the task was given, *It would be of great*

value to us to get possession of Lynchburg for a single day, thus ominously foreshadowing the fate which would have befallen our town had it come into the possession of the enemy.

Of that subordinate, General David Hunter, it would be a greater charity than can be shown him to speak not at all. The mildest terms that can be applied to him are renegade and coward. In a war characterized on both side, for the most part, by deeds of unsurpassed valor and noblest chivalry, his name stands out almost alone as an exponent of a style of warfare that was thought to have passed with the Dark ages until it was revived by him and then, later on, by the leaders of Germany in the Great War of 1914-18. His orders from Grant did indeed contemplate a rigorous campaign so far as the rules of civilized warfare would permit, for he was told that his troops should "eat out Virginia as far as they could, so that the crows flying over it for the balance of the year would have to carry their rations with them," but he was expressly forbidden to burn houses, an order he most ignominiously ignored and exceeded when he burned the residence of Governor Letcher and the V. M. I. at Lexington, as well as in numberless other cruel and unnecessary depredations. Even one of his own division commanders, Gen. Crook, a real soldier, said in one of his orders, "I regret to learn of so many acts committed by our troops that are disgraceful to the command." Gen. Early in his memoirs says: "The scenes on Hunter's route to Lynchburg were truly heartrending; houses had been burned and helpless women and children left without shelter. The Country had been stripped of provisions and many families left without a morsel to eat. Furniture and bedding had been cut to pieces and old men and women and children robbed of all the clothing they had except that on their backs. Ladies trunks and been rifled and their dresses torn to pieces in mere wantonness; even the negro girls had lost their little finery. Hunter's deeds were those of a malignant and cowardly fanatic who was better qualified to make war upon helpless women and children than upon armed soldiers. The time consumed in the perpetration of these deeds was the salvation of Lynchburg, with its stores, foundries and factories, which were so necessary to our armies at Richmond." Thus did the vengeful and malicious spirit of rapine and plunder overreach itself, for if Hunter

had not delayed at Lexington he would have reached Lynchburg before Early could possibly have come to the rescue, and the City would have fallen without a blow being struck in its defense except the feeble blows of boys, old men and cripples, composing the home guard, and who could have offered only the mildest kind of resistance. I have devoted this much time to Hunter, not because it is pleasant to speak of such a wretched character, but in order that you may realize from what sort of fate our City was rescued. He was a man of inferior ability, who with every advantage in his favor and a heart desperately intent upon his mission of destruction, yet failed to accomplish it because of a lack of soldierly qualities for which the spirit of pillage and loot and ruthless vandalism could not make up.

Let us now turn to a nobler and more congenial picture and contemplate some of those who, on the other side of the battle, fought for the protection of homes and loved ones and drove the vicious invader back beyond the mountains into the wilds of West Virginia.

First of these must be mentioned *Lieut.-Gen. Jubal A. Early*. Like Hunter, Early was an officer in the United States Army at the beginning of the war, and like him might have had military promotion and opportunity on the Northern side, but unlike him (for Hunter too was a Southerner whose family had often been honorably connected with Virginia's history), Early, along with Robert E. Lee, though strongly opposed to secession, preferred to fight on the side of his own State and endure poverty and hardship in a losing cause than to achieve success and distinction at the cost of the blood of his own people.

When on the tenth of June, Hunter left Staunton at the head of his army of about 25,000 men, with drums beating and colors flying, Gen. Early with his little army of 8,000 was at Gaines Mill, near Richmond, having taken a prominent part in the bloody battle there as well as in the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania Court House and at Cold Harbor. Two days later he was ordered by General Lee to proceed to the Valley and attack Hunter in the rear. He reached Charlottesville on the sixteenth, having marched eighty miles in four days, well sustaining the *soubriquet* his troops had won under Jackson of "foot cavalry." Hunter was now at Liberty

(Bedford City) only twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, while Early with his tired battallions had three times that far to come, the plight of his home town having required him to change his plan of campaign and meet Hunter on his front. Despite the lack of transportation facilities General Early reached here with about half his command on the afternoon of the seventeenth, and with Ramseur's Division succeeded in checking Hunter's advance until darkness closed the engagement for that day. The next day, June eighteenth, General Duffie's division of the enemy's forces, attacked General Early's right which was composed of two small infantry brigades under *General Gabe C. Wharton*, and a small detachment of the cavalry of *General John McCausland*. The fighting took place mostly between here and the Quaker Church. Hunter's headquarters being at Colonel Hutter's house, and his line extending northwardly across and beyond the Forest Road, and the Confederates, though outnumbered more than two to one, held their line of which this fort was one of the main defences. One of Wharton's brigades was commanded in this fight by *Colonel August Forsberg*, afterwards for many years a loved and honored citizen of Lynchburg. The same day a reconnoissance was made by the Yankee cavalry, under General Averill, in the direction of Campbell Court House, but it was of small importance. About two-thirty in the afternoon the main attack of the enemy was made upon Early's center, by two infantry divisions under Generals Sullivan and Crook, and for a short while there was sharp fighting, but late in the evening the Federals fell back into a new line, and both sides apparently rested on their arms for the night. In fact, however, the repulse of the enemy had already been effected, and the retreat of Hunter had already begun before the falling of the shades of night. Early could not know this, however, and awaited the arrival of the rest of his command under Rodes before beginning the pursuit. Rodes did not arrive until late in the evening, and not before midnight did it become clear to the Confederates that Hunter's forces were in motion. Even then it was thought he was merely changing lines. At daylight on the nineteenth Early was prepared to attack, but the enemy, although more than twice as numerous, was now in full flight and confusion. "Old Jube" at once put out after him, but Hunter was running like a scared rabbit

and never stopped until he had put the Alleghanies behind him and was resting upon the banks of the Ohio at Parkersburg. On July fifth when Hunter reached Parkersburg, General Early had given up the chase and was crossing the Potomac into Maryland where his campaign threw the authorities at Washington into a fever of fear and uneasiness.

General Early has been criticized by some for allowing Hunter to escape, but his delay on the evening of the eighteenth was wise and prudent. He knew that he was vastly outnumbered, and to have pressed the pursuit without the aid of the rest of his forces under Rodes would have been foolhardy. Besides, when Early noticed the movement of Hunter away from his immediate front, he naturally concluded that he was only changing front for another attack, and it was necessary to wait for daylight and keep his troops in hand until the enemy's purpose was developed.

Of *General Robert E. Rodes*, it may be said that although one of the youngest he was one of the most brilliant general officers developed by the war. It was a bitter disappointment to him that he was not here in time to take a more active part in the defence of his native City. When he was at Charlottesville with Early he asked to be sent forward with the first troops to Lynchburg, but transportation was limited and for some unknown reason Ramseur was sent instead. This denial of his request to be among the first to defend his home town is said to have led to high words between General Early and himself. He was in time, however, to aid in the repulse and chase of Hunter and conducted himself with his usual vigor and gallantry. After that his command was in constant motion and ceaseless fighting for the rest of the summer, marching and counter-marching from battle to battle, always seeking and finding the foe, and invariably striking him with the force of a thunderbolt.

Before the battle of Lynchburg Rodes had won undying fame on many a bloody field. At Chancellorsville his gallantry won high praise from the dying Jackson who recommended his promotion to Major-General. When Jackson fell, General Hill also being disabled, the command of Jackson's Corps justly devolved upon Rodes, but with magnanimity as rare as it was generous he gave way to Stuart "the flower of cavaliers," who was then in the

zenith of his fame, an action of which only a lofty-minded, chivalrous unselfish patriot could have been capable. At Gettysburg in the first day's battle the charge of Rodes' Division was mainly responsible for the victory of that occasion. General Lee was an eye witness to this charge and sent a message to General Rodes, declaring him a "gallant, efficient and energetic officer" and saying "I am proud of your division." In this battle Iverson's Brigade, of Rodes Division, suffered terribly, so that its dead lay in a distinctly marked line of battle, so uniform that it was thought they were lying down in position, as General Iverson said in "a line as straight as a dress parade," but its shattered remnants, which were rallied and reorganized by a young staff officer, still pressed forward and made under his guidance what General Rodes described as "a dashing and effective charge, just in time to be of considerable service." It is a matter of inexpressible pride and satisfaction to me that the young officer who led that charge was another of Lynchburg's valorous sons, my own honored father, who fairly won and justly deserved the honor, which was his, of being mentioned by General Rodes, in his report among those whose conduct on that occasion was such as to "entitle them to the admiration of brave men and the gratitude of a good people."

On the eighteenth of September, 1864, Rodes' Division was hurried to Winchester to assist Ramseur in meeting the advance of Sheridan. Rodes arrived on the field at a critical moment, and swept forward at once carrying all before him. General Early is credited with having said that this splendid charge saved the Confederate Army that morning. But, alas, at what a cost! As says Major Peyton, "In the full flush of success, while cheering his men on to victory, Rodes was struck in the head by a musket ball and fell from his horse, never to rise or speak again. From that moment fortune seemed to desert the Army of the Valley. The sun of Winchester set in gloom and defeat, and never rose again to victory." When he fell General Rodes was only thirty-two years of age. Brave, dashing and impetuous, yet modest, unassertive of self, tenderly considerate of his men and loyal to all that was noble and true, this lion-hearted son of Lynchburg may be likened in all Knightly attributes to Lancelot of the Lake, or to the noblest of the Crusaders.

Another of Lynchburg's gallant and chivalrous sons who ought to be mentioned in connection with the defence of this City was *General Thomas T. Munford* who will be remembered by many of those present as a handsome and courtly old gentleman, who lived for many years among us and who passed away only a few years ago, beloved and honored by all who knew him.* General Munford was not an actual participant in the Battle of Lynchburg, but to quote from Captain Charles M. Blackford's invaluable pamphlet on the "Campaign and Battle of Lynchburg," "Some description of Hampton's great cavalry battle at Trevilian's Depot would strictly be a part of any history of the siege and Battle of Lynchburg, for had he failed, Lynchburg would necessarily have fallen into the hands of the enemy, but time will not permit so pleasant a digression. It is enough to say that it was one of the most brilliant and successful engagements in which our troops were involved during the war, and one which shed well deserved renown not only on General Wade Hampton, who commanded, but on every officer and man under him. Conspicuous for their gallantry and valuable service in that battle was the Second Virginia Cavalry, under our distinguished fellow citizen, General T. T. Munford. This great regiment was made up of companies from Lynchburg and the surrounding counties, and was therefore one of whose record we all have a right to be proud. On the day of that fight it was especially distinguished for its daring courage and for its achievements. It was in front of the charging column which broke Custer's line and captured four out of the five caissons lost by Sheridan on that day. It captured Custer's headquarters, his sash and private wagon and papers. The wagon was used by General Munford until it was recaptured, a few days before Appomattox." The Second Virginia Cavalry was mustered in and mustered out on exactly the same spot, now marked by a monument in our beautiful City Park. May I not again express the pride I feel in the fact that my father was at first a member of this regiment, though afterwards detached for other service, and that two of my uncles, Captain Alexander Halsey (killed in action

* See sketch at end of this address.

near Leetown) and Major Stephen P. Halsey, who still lives in Lynchburg, also were members of it?

The importance of the Battle of Trevilian's Depot to Lynchburg is found in the fact that if Hampton had not defeated Sheridan there, the latter would have been able to push on and join with Hunter in attacking the city, while Early would have been cut off and could not have reinforced the little handful of warriors defending it.

I have already referred to General Early's statement that Hunter's delay in perpetrating atrocities at Lexington was "the salvation of Lynchburg," but to quote again from Captain Blackford: "There was, however, another more potent influence which stayed Hunter's advance. *General John McCausland* had been operating against the enemy in Southwest Virginia with a body of cavalry. When Hunter reached Staunton he was ordered across the country to meet him. McCausland was joined by a small brigade under the command of *Colonel William E. Peters*, now Professor of Latin at the University of Virginia, who was the Colonel of the Twenty-first Virginia Cavalry." (Colonel Peters died several years ago. He was the father of Dr. Don Preston Peters, who now lives in Lynchburg, and my own great uncle.) To continue quoting from Captain Blackford: "These two brigades, aggregating some sixteen hundred men, under McCausland's leadership, ably seconded by Peters, at once commenced to worry Hunter and to keep his whole force in a constant state of alarm. This force was so ubiquitous that it was estimated by the enemy as being five times its real size. Amongst the officers in the force under Colonel Peters was his nephew, and our fellow-citizen, *Major Stephen P. Halsey*, who did good service and distinguished himself for his active gallantry."

Major Halsey was struck by two bullets in the Battle of Lynchburg, both of which fortunately were nearly spent. One of these hit him exactly in the center of his belt cutting it in two. This occurred on the Ward's Road not far from this place where we are gathered today. But again to resume Captain Blackford's narrative: "As Hunter moved from Staunton to Lynchburg these brigades were ever in his front, one hour fighting and the next falling back as the main column would appear, but ever causing

delay and apprehension. The tireless little band performed deeds of gallantry as they hung upon Hunter's front which entitled every officer and man to a cross of honor. . . . In Early's dispatch reporting the Battle of Lynchburg an expression is used which implies a doubt as to whether the cavalry would do its duty. Never did cavalry do better service than did that under McCausland, both as Hunter advanced and as he retreated. Had McCausland had the full command of the cavalry on the retreat, Hunter's wagon train and artillery would have fallen into the hands of the Confederates, but for some reason, which it is now unnecessary to explain, great opportunities were permitted to pass without advantage being taken of them. . . . Lynchburg owes much to Ramseur's Division of the Second Corps and to the men who occupied the lines when Hunter arrived, but it was the skill of McCausland and Peters and the unflagging energy of their officers and men, which so retarded Hunter's movements that when he did arrive there was force enough on our line to prevent his capturing the city. McCausland and his command were the real saviors of this city, and some lasting memorial of its gratitude should be erected to perpetuate their deeds. McCausland proved himself a soldier of a high type. There were few officers in either army, who, with such a force, could have accomplished so much. His little command had been in constant contact with the enemy for many days, had been continuously in the saddle and on exhausting marches, was badly mounted and badly equipped; everything about it was worn and weary but their dauntless spirit; that, under the example of their indomitable leaders, never flagged for an instant. . . . The services of this command were recognized at the time by a vote of thanks adopted by the City Council of Lynchburg on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1864, 'for their gallantry in opposing for ten days the march of a greatly superior force, thereby retarding the advance of the enemy on our City until a proper force could be organized for its defence.' The citizens of the town at the same time presented General John McCausland with a sword and a pair of silver spurs in token of their gratitude."

One of the most notable of McCausland's performances was the sharp fight in which he engaged Hunter at New London, on the sixteenth, when with his little handful of about 1,500 men he held

Hunter's 20,000 or more at bay for nearly a day, thus gaining five hours time and holding the enemy away from his object until Early could arrive.

It is a source of intense gratification to be able to say that I am informed by our townsman, Mr. H. G. McCausland, who is his kinsman, that General McCausland is still living. He resides on a handsome estate at Point Pleasant, W. Va., and the gallant old hero, though ninety years of age, is in excellent health and vigor and rides horseback over his farm every day. He is the oldest, and one of the very few surviving generals of the Confederacy. May his last years be full of peace and happiness, fraught, as they must be, with loving memories of noble companions and heroic deeds.

Before the arrival of Early, the Confederate forces at Lynchburg were under the command of *General John C. Breckenridge*, but unfortunately that gallant soldier, although he had arrived in Lynchburg with some of his troops, was confined to his bed with an injury received when his horse was shot under him at Cold Harbor. The responsibility of the defence, therefore, fell upon *General Francis T. Nichols*, whose soldiers consisted of convalescents from the hospitals and cripples from the invalid camps. General Nichols was himself minus an arm and a leg, which he had left upon two different battle fields, but he nevertheless heroically mounted his horse and made ready to defend the town with his cripples against the advancing hordes of Hunter. Among those cripples was *Major John W. Daniel*, not yet recovered from his serious wound. When Early did reach Lynchburg, finding General Breckinridge in bed, he called upon that noble Christian soldier, *General D. H. Hill*, who happened to be here to ascertain the best lines of defence. General Hill was assisted in this by *General Harry T. Hays*, of Louisiana, who was also in town disabled by a wound. These officers established breastworks on College Hill, and the line there formed was composed of the invalids under Nichols, some cadets from the V. M. I., and a small detachment of the brigade of the brave and brilliant *General William E. Jones*, who had been killed at Piedmont, near Port Republic, in a fight with Hunter before the latter reached Staunton. To these were added Breckinridge's small command, which arrived

on the sixteenth, and the *Botetourt Artillery*, a battery of six guns, under *Captain H. C. Douthat*. Douthat's Battery deserves especial credit for its active part in the defence of Lynchburg. It was composed of about 100 men and had been operating in Southwest Virginia. On June eleventh it was ordered to Staunton, and left here by a freight train of the Orange and Alexandria (now the Southern) Railroad. At New Glasgow Station news was received that a large raiding party from Duffie's Brigade of Hunter's Division was at Arrington, and they could see the smoke from the burning buildings. Captain Douthat at once hurried to Tye River, between New Glasgow and Arrington, in order to protect the Tye River railroad bridge, because if this should be destroyed by the enemy, no reinforcements from around Richmond could reach Lynchburg. Fortunately there was a carload of muskets and ammunition on the train, and armed with these Douthat's men made such a demonstration on the north side of the bridge at Tye River Depot that the Yankees retired and the bridge was saved. This important service rendered, the battery returned to Lynchburg, as the railroad north of Tye River had been damaged by the enemy, and took a most important part in the battle here. Two of Douthat's guns were stationed about at the old soapstone quarry (then known as Johnson's Quarry) on the Forest Road, protecting the railroad bridge over Ivy Creek, and driving the Federals back whenever they approached it. The other four guns were on this side of the Forest Road, supporting the brigade under Col. Forsberg. One of the gunners of this battery was a gentleman who is still a much respected citizen of Lynchburg, *Mr. A. H. Plecker*, the well known photographer. Captain Blackford says that Mr. Plecker "for his gallant services was tendered a commission. This he declined on the ground that he could do better service as a gunner, in the discharge of which duty he had won much reputation."*

* Tradition says that cannon balls from the Federal artillery fell in "Meem's Garden" at the corner of Seventh and Court Streets, where Major Halsey now lives, and that a horse tethered at the gate of old Lynchburg College, whose building can now be seen at Wise and Eleventh streets, was killed by a cannon ball, and that some balls struck on Amherst Heights, across the river.

Another gunner who did yeoman duty at Lynchburg was *Lieutenant Carter Berkeley*, then of Staunton, afterwards Dr. Carter Berkeley, of Lynchburg. Lieutenant Berkeley had charge of two guns of Breckinridge's command, which he handled with consummate skill. He had already achieved great fame as an artilleryman in the Valley of Virginia, before he came to Lynchburg. These guns were placed in the redoubt which surrounds this building and did much to repel the advance of the enemy. It is one of the traditions of the battle that when Berkeley and his guns arrived in Lynchburg they came up Ninth Street to the foot of Court House Hill, and then, finding that too steep, turned up Church Street to Eighth, where he again "surveyed the landscape o'er." Then, it being supposed that Hunter was already in sight and that Eighth Street was the nearest route to the enemy, he urged his weary horses up the steep declivity, putting several men at each wheel. He soon stuck, however, but some of Imboden's cavalry happening to come by they lent their assistance and soon had the guns up to Court Street, whence they moved on out at a gallop to the line of battle. I well remember Dr. Berkeley, who was a most charming and lovable personality, as modest as he was brave, and I will remember always how he told me this story himself.

There are many others who deserve honorable mention for their valorous conduct in the Battle of Lynchburg and if time would permit I would be glad to pay tribute to them all. Especially would I rejoice to recount the services of such men as *Colonel James W. Watts* of the Second Virginia Cavalry, as fine a soldier as the army contained, superb in bearing and in horsemanship, as he was in character. In spite of severe wounds from which he had not recovered, Colonel Watts undertook the task of blocking the road in front of Hunter from Buchanan to the Peaks of Otter. This he did with thoroughness, but so well equipped was Hunter's pioneer force that the road was cleared almost as fast as it was closed. Nevertheless the delay this caused was a material factor in saving Lynchburg, and Colonel Watts well deserved, as he ever received, the esteem and respect of all our people amongst whom he lived and died. Well should I like to speak of *Captain E. E. Bouldin*, of the Charlotte cavalry, who commanded McCausland's rear guard as it fell back before Hunter's advance; of *Major*

Robert C. Saunders, of Campbell, who did scout duty of the most valuable kind at the constant risk of his life; of the gallant *Generals Gordon, Imboden, Elzey, Ramseur and Ransom*; of *Captain Stephen Adams*, long an honored resident of our city; of such splendid boys as *W. C. Folkes* and *E. C. Hamner*, the latter of whom still lives among us, and who, though only fifteen years old, did a soldier's duty under fire; of such old men as *Mr. Mike O'Connell*, who, despite his age of over eighty years, went out with the Silver Grays, and with his long rifle "kept up a constant fire on the enemy all day, though himself under a heavy fire"; of *Colonel Floyd King* and his able artillery *Captains, Chapman, Bryant, Lowry and Lurty*; of *Captain St. Clair*, who along with General McCausland himself risked death and capture to destroy the bridge at Buchanan, thus delaying Hunter a whole day at that point. All these and many others, who cannot now be mentioned, are entitled to the undying gratitude and veneration of our people, and to all the honor we can bestow upon them. To those who are living we give our greetings of love and affection, with our heartfelt wishes for a green old age of comfort and happiness. To those who are dead we pledge our loyal efforts to cherish their memories, and "oft in Spring time when the roses bloom, will scatter love's sweet incense o'er the spot where after 'life's fitful fever' they sleep well." Soldiers all, we salute their spirits, with "cheers and flowers for the living, flowers and tears for the dead."

Of the Federal Officers who served under Hunter there were many who exemplified the noblest attributes of the soldier, and against whom our people cherish no spirit of animosity or bitterness, but rather the reverse, with admiration for their chivalric deeds and daring devotion to duty. Among these were two who afterwards became Presidents of the United States, Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes and Major William McKinley.*

This leads me to mention a subject that has long been in my mind and of which I consider this the most appropriate time and

*In his speech at the Union Depot when he visited Lynchburg a short time before he was assassinated, President McKinley said there were *three* future presidents who stayed at Colonel Hutter's home at the time when Hunter tried to take Lynchburg, *Garfield*, Hayes and himself. He also said that on his first visit to Lynchburg, General Early was chairman of the reception committee, and the reception was even warmer than the one he was then extended.

place to speak. You ladies of the Fort Hill Club have shown already your patriotism, efficiency and public spirit in the erection of this building and in many other ways. You have now, in my opinion, the opportunity for still further services of a worthy and important kind. You might start a movement to mark the other old fort on the Forest Road where stood the right of the Confederate line. But there is something else even more important. In Captain Blackford's address from which I have quoted, and to which I am most deeply indebted for much of the material in this paper, he points out that Lynchburg owes some lasting memorial of its gratitude to General McCausland and his men. It is an anomaly to which I know no parallel that part of the beautiful boulevard on which this historic fort fronts should bear the name of one of Lynchburg's invaders* at the time of Hunter's raid, while not even a side street has been named in honor of its most active and indefatigable defender. I would not take away one leaf which justly belongs in the chaplet of laurel which deservedly crowns the memory of the illustrious and beloved McKinley, but I can conceive of no more fitting and appropriate service that this club can render than to take the necessary steps to induce our city fathers to change the name of this avenue from McKinley to McCausland Avenue. It would be no derogation to the memory of our martyred President, whose name and fame are secure in every American heart, both North and South, but it would be a just and well deserved tribute to a soldier to whom Lynchburg owes its very existence, and whose brave and war worn legions consecrated every foot of this avenue with their life's blood in defence of our loved old city. We contemplate ere long an extension of our corporate limits. As we thus enlarge our borders and develop our outlying territory, we should see to it that every new street and avenue shall bear the name of some one of the heroes who has been mentioned here today. Every one of them is worthy of such honor, and in so honoring them we will honor ourselves, and show to the world that we are not unmindful of our historic past, nor ungrateful towards those who made that past both noble and glorious.

* Fort Avenue was then called McKinley Avenue.

IV.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS TAYLOR MUNFORD

(From Volume III, "Confederate Military History")

Brigadier-General Thomas Taylor Munford, a distinguished cavalry officer of the Army of Northern Virginia, was born at the city of Richmond, in 1831, the son of Colonel George Wythe Munford, for twenty-five years secretary of the commonwealth. He was graduated at the Virginia Military Institute in 1852, and until the outbreak of the war, was mainly engaged as a planter. He went into the Confederate service as lieutenant-colonel of the Thirtieth Virginia Mounted Infantry, organized at Lynchburg, May 8, 1861, and mustered in by Colonel Jubal A. Early. This was the first mounted regiment organized in Virginia, and under the command of Colonel R. C. W. Radford, was in Beauregard's Army at the battle of First Manassas. Subsequently it was entitled the Second Regiment of Cavalry, General Stuart's regiment being numbered First, at the reorganization under Stuart, when Munford was promoted colonel of the regiment. On the field of Manassas he had commanded three squadrons composed of the Black Horse, Chesterfield, and Wise troops, the Franklin rangers, and three independent companies, and pursued the enemy further than any other command, capturing many prisoners and ten rifled guns, which he turned over to President Davis at Manassas. His career as a cavalry officer thus brilliantly begun continued throughout the war, and was notable for faithful service in whatever command was allotted him. In the spring of 1862, attached to Ewell's command, he skirmished in Rappahannock County, and then joined Jackson in the Valley. Upon the death of General Ashby he was recommended by General R. E. Lee as his successor. In this capacity he participated in the battle of Cross Keys, and captured many prisoners at Harrisonburg. With his regiment he led Jackson's advance in the Chickahominy campaign, and on the day of battle at Frayser's farm, his men were the only part of the corps to cross the river and attack the Federals at White Oak swamp. He joined Stuart's command in the Manassas campaign,

leading the advance of Ewell's division, and received two saber wounds at Second Manassas. In September, assigned to the command of the brigade, he took part in the Maryland campaign, in which his men sustained the main losses of the cavalry division, fighting at Poolesville, Monocacy Church, Sugar Loaf Mountain, Burkittsville and Crampton's Gap. At the latter pass of the South Mountain, with about 800 men, dismounted, he made a gallant defense against the advance of a Federal corps. At Sharpsburg he was actively engaged on the seventeenth and eighteenth, on Lee's right wing, guarding the lower fords of the Antietam, crossed the Potomac in the presence of the enemy, and defended the retreat from Boteler's Ford. In October, when the Federal Army advanced in Virginia in two columns, he was put in command of one division of the cavalry to confront Hancock's troops. Subsequently he was transferred to Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, which he commanded after Chancellorsville at Beverly's Ford and Aldie. He took part in the Gettysburg campaign, the Bristoe campaign, and the cavalry operations in the spring of 1864 under General Fitzhugh Lee, participated in the Valley campaign with Early and being promoted brigadier-general in November, 1864, was assigned to the command of Fitzhugh Lee's division. In this rank he made a gallant fight at Five Forks, and on the retreat from Richmond was associated with General Rosser in the defeat of the Federals at High Bridge, capturing 780 prisoners; also in the battle of April 7, when the enemy was again defeated and Federal General Gregg was captured. At Appomattox, at daybreak of April 9, he commanded the cavalry on the right of the Confederate line, in the attack, and driving the enemy from his front, moved toward Lynchburg. After the surrender of Lee he endeavored to collect the scattered Confederate bands and make a junction with Johnston's army, but after the latter command capitulated he disbanded his men late in the month of April. In his final report General Fitzhugh Lee called attention to the excellent service of General Munford as a division commander. With the close of the war he retired to his home, and since then has been engaged in the management of agricultural interests in Virginia and Alabama, with his home at Lynchburg. He has served two terms as president of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute.

V.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT E. RODES

(From *The Lynchburg News* of June 19, 1907)

RODES IN WAR TIME

His Brilliant Career in the Confederate Army
One of the Group of Lynchburg Officers Who Won Distinction
in the Great Struggle—His Gallantry, His Chivalry,
His Worth as Man and Soldier

In his speech yesterday before Garland-Rodes Camp, Confederate Veterans, in presenting on behalf of Captain Robert D. Yancey a portrait of Major-General Robert E. Rodes, Mr. Don P. Halsey said:

It is peculiarly appropriate, it seems to me, that as a part of these memorial exercises, which are held on the anniversary of Lynchburg's Battle Day, there should be made the presentation to the Lynchburg organization of veterans of a portrait of a brilliant and distinguished son of our old town, who not only took part in the memorable defense against Hunter's invading legions, but who later on yielded up his life upon the altar of his country's cause, and left as a heritage of honor to his people that name, which entwined with that of another gallant and lamented Lynchburg soldier, is perpetuated in the name of Garland-Rodes Camp. I count myself highly honored in having been selected by that near kinsman of General Rodes, Captain Robert D. Yancey, who is the donor of the picture, to make the presentation, especially as he is one who might himself perform the task with graceful and appropriate words were he not deterred by the soldierly grace of modesty.

Upon such an occasion as this it would, of course, be impossible, as it would also be unnecessary, for me to go into any extended account of the life and services of General Rodes. And yet I would be derelict were I to fail to use this occasion to recall some of the distinguishing incidents of his career as well as allude to some of the marked traits of his character.

Robert Emmet Rodes was born in Lynchburg on the twenty-ninth day of March, 1829. He was a son of General David Rodes, a native of Albemarle County, and his mother was a sister of William Tudor Yancey, Esq., well known for many years as a distinguished member of the Lynchburg Bar. His boyhood and youth were spent here, and in 1845 he entered the Virginia Military Institute, where he graduated with distinction in 1848. After graduation he spent several years in the pursuit of his profession as civil engineer, being engaged extensively in railroad work, and just before the war he was elected Professor of Applied Mechanics in the V. M. I., a position which he nominally held to the day of his death.

When the red lightnings of war began to flash and its deep thunder to roll, betokening the approach of that fearful storm which was to lay waste our fair Southland and leave it in ashes and ruin, his patriotic ardor and warlike spirit, as well as his training as a soldier, prompted him to be among the first to enroll as a soldier of the South. His sword was drawn at the first clash of arms. He was then living in Alabama, where he organized a volunteer company, the Warrior Guard. In May, 1861, his company was ordered to Montgomery, where the Fifth Alabama Regiment was organized, and he was elected its colonel. The next month his strong desire to join the Virginia Army was gratified by an order to proceed to Manassas, where he was attached to Ewell's Brigade, of Van Dorn's Division. In October of the same year, having attracted attention by his zeal, alertness, discipline, and general efficiency, he was made a brigadier-general and took command of a brigade composed principally of Alabama and Mississippi troops, to which was attached the famous battery of light artillery under Captain (afterwards Colonel) Thomas H. Carter, his classmate at the V. M. I.

On May 31, 1862, occurred the famous battle of Seven Pines. Rodes' Brigade, now a part of D. H. Hill's Division, acted under his guidance in a most gallant and efficient manner, successfully assaulting a redoubt defended by nine Napoleon guns, and capturing not only the works but General Casey's headquarters. The Napoleons were instantly manned by a detail and turned upon the enemy, together with Carter's battery, which came rapidly up.

This brilliant attack resulted in heavy loss, General Rodes was himself severely wounded, but notwithstanding this refused to leave the field until the close of the day's operations.

His wound disabled him from active service for nearly a month, but he rejoined his command much sooner than prudence permitted and participated gallantly in the battle of Cold Harbor on June 27, when he again succeeded in carrying a hill defended by cannon, all of which were left in his hands. The excitement and fatigue of this service caused his wound to reopen, with the accompaniment of high fever, and he was unable to again join his brigade until September 6, near Frederick City, Maryland. On the fourteenth of September, 1862, was fought the battle of Boonesboro Gap or South Mountain. In this engagement fell that other noble and brave brigade commander, General Samuel Garland, of Lynchburg, whose name is likewise commemorated in the name of your Camp. Rodes' Brigade, under his command, distinguished itself as usual, and again at Sharpsburg, two days later, where General Rodes received another wound.

For the next several months his time was mainly spent in camp, with occasional excursions and skirmishes. On January 16, 1863, General D. H. Hill being transferred to North Carolina, Rodes assumed command of his division, and on May 1, that year, was commenced that extraordinary flank movement which many esteem the crowning glory of General Jackson's military career. During the greater part of that day and the next, Jackson rode with Rodes at the head of the column in frequent conversation. On the second was fought the great battle of Chancellorsville, where the enemy were routed and put to confusion inferior only to that at Manassas.

The records of history do not show what is said by competent witnesses to be an historic fact, that the cause of the real trouble to the Confederates at Chancellorsville was that General Lee's cavalry was scattered and really surprised. Major-General J. E. B. Stuart and Brigadier-General Fitzhugh Lee had present and under their immediate command but two regiments of cavalry (besides their ubiquitous horse artillery), to guard Jackson's flank in that meteoric march around the right rear of the enemy. The Second Virginia Cavalry, which was organized in Lynchburg, and was the only cavalry regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia,

until after the first battle of Manassas, and which at Chancellorsville was under the command of its gallant Colonel (now General) T. T. Munford, was especially detailed to lead this advance, and Jackson said to Rodes, "V. M. I. will be heard from today." And so it was, and so was Lynchburg. General Colston, commanding the Second Division of Jackson's Corps, supported by A. P. Hill with his division, and Crutchfield, another professor and Jackson's chief of artillery, aided by Carter's Battery, and Moorman's Battery, of Lynchburg, did the work under Jackson's eye.

That night General Jackson received the wounds from which a few days later he died, and General A. P. Hill being temporarily disabled, the command of the corps devolved on General Rodes, who, though only a brigadier-general commanding a division, was the ranking officer present. And now occurred an incident which showed the true greatness of the man.

Major Green Peyton, his intimate and confidential friend, who after the war prepared what is perhaps the most complete biographical sketch of General Rodes that has yet been written, says that while Rodes was making his dispositions for the renewal of the attack next morning at daylight, "Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, in command of the cavalry, rode up and claimed the command of the corps on the ground of seniority. On this occasion Rodes exhibited conspicuously that noble spirit which ever actuated him during life. The Second Corps had just gained a splendid victory, largely attributed to the good conduct of himself and his command. He was looking forward to a no less glorious morrow, when all the fruits of success would be gathered, to be laid by him at the feet of General Lee, as some compensation for the irreparable loss he had sustained. The ambition of this young general was sorely tempted. The command was his by military law, and he was conscious of his power to wield it loyally and well, but his love of country transcended his love of self, and he put the temptation aside.

"Stuart was then in the zenith of his fame, whilst Rodes was comparatively unknown. He feared the effect upon the spirits of the men if it were known that he had asserted his claim against

Stuart. He yielded the command, and cheerfully put himself under the orders of the latter."

Without attempting to pass upon the question of law involved and certainly without criticism or disparagement of Stuart, that gallant "flower of cavaliers" whose fame fills the world, it seems to me that the comments upon Rodes' behavior in this matter by his friend and biographer are well deserved, and that his action was indeed that of which only a lofty-minded, chivalrous and unselfish patriot could have been capable.

On his deathbed Stonewall Jackson had spoken of General Rodes in terms of highest praise, and General Lee, in a letter to President Davis, called for his promotion, and immediately after the operations around Chancellorsville he was promoted to Major-General, his commission being dated May 2, the day when he had so gallantly won it.

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Soon afterwards began the advance of Lee's army into Pennsylvania, a movement which culminated at Gettysburg, where the fortunes of the Confederacy reached high water mark, and then began to subside until the tide had ebbed and all had ended in the surrender at Appomattox. General Rodes prepared a most vivid and able report of his operations during the Gettysburg campaign, a paper which reflects the utmost credit upon his skill as a narrator, as well as his patriotism, his love and solicitude for his troops, and his ability as a soldier. Without pausing to mention the details of the march and the incidents which accompanied it, it is necessary to particularly point out the fact that the services rendered by him and the soldiers under his command at Gettysburg were of the most important and efficient character.

When we speak of Gettysburg we too often think of the bloody defeat of the third day's fighting when Pickett's Division made that brilliant charge which history will ever record as one of the most glorious feats of arms that adorns its pages, without remembering, or if remembering, without sufficiently reflecting upon the fact that on the previous two days, and especially the first, there had been fighting of the bravest and most dashing kind, which had resulted in splendid victories for the Confederates, and which, if taken advantage of as they might have been, might have resulted in an entirely different outcome. On that first day of July when the

Second and Third Army Corps, under Generals Ewell and A. P. Hill so splendidly attacked and routed the enemy, the division commanded by General Rodes rendered most conspicuous and valuable service, and it may be fairly said was mainly responsible for the victory of that occasion. So dashing and effective was the charge of Rodes' Division, that at the moment when Early's Division arrived from York and struck the exposed right flank of the Federals, the vigorous forward movement of Rodes with his entire command caused the enemy to give way in every direction, and rush through the town of Gettysburg in great disorder to the heights beyond. General Ewell's Corps captured over 5,000 prisoners of whom fully half were taken by Rodes, so many indeed that the movements of his division were materially embarrassed.

General Lee, who had come upon the field, was an eye-witness to the attack and charge of Rodes' troops, and sent him a complimentary message, saying, "I am proud of your division." So hot was the fighting at some points along the line that in one instance it was observed and noted by several officers in their reports that a part of Iverson's Brigade, of Rodes' Division, lay dead in a distinctly marked line of battle so uniform that it was thought they were lying down in position. General Iverson referred to it as "a line as straight as a dress parade." This brigade suffered terribly, but its shattered remnants, which were rallied and re-organized by a young staff officer, still pressed forward and made under his guidance what General Rodes described as "a dashing and effective charge just in time to be of considerable service." It is a matter of inexpressible pride and satisfaction to me that the young officer who led that charge was another of Lynchburg's valorous sons, whose blood and name I bear, and that he fairly won and justly deserved the honor which was his of being mentioned by General Rodes in his report among those whose conduct was such as to "entitle them to the admiration of brave men and the gratitude of a good people."

In his report of the Battle of Gettysburg General Rodes said: "I cannot close this portion of my report without expressing my pride and admiration of the conduct of the men and officers of this division from the time it left Grace Church until our return to Virginia. Better marching, less straggling, hardships more cheer-

fully borne, conduct in an enemy's country more commendable, and more generally marked by gentlemanly and soldierly characteristics, and finally, better behavior in battle, than was exhibited by this division during that period has not been, and I believe will never be, exhibited by any other troops in the service. By their conduct at Gettysburg I claim to have won the expression from the General commanding the army, who saw their attack on July 1, 'I am proud of your division.' While I cannot mention all who won distinction during this campaign, it is my duty to record here the name of those officers whose conduct, either from my own observation or from the voluntary testimony of many competent witnesses, I know to have been such as to entitle them to the admiration of brave men and to the gratitude of a good people. First among them are Brigadier-Generals Junius Daniel, George Doles, and S. D. Ramsuer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Carter, Captain D. P. Halsey, assistant adjutant-general of Iversen's Brigade, Colonel D. H. Christie, 23rd North Carolina (who has since died from the wounds he received), and Lieutenant Harvey, Company F, 14th North Carolina, of my division, and Brigadier-General A. C. Jenkins and Major Sweeny, of the cavalry brigade."

To be thus mentioned in this brief, but bright, roll of honor, by that gallant and chivalrous leader who later on was to yield up his life in the same cause, is an honor of which any soldier might be proud, and is like receiving the accolade on the field of battle from the stainless Excalibur of Arthur himself. It is with the greatest pride, therefore, that as the son of one of those brave Confederate officers thus mentioned by General Rodes, I am privileged today to pay this humble tribute to his memory.

From the time of the well-ordered and skillfully managed retreat from Gettysburg back into Virginia, the troops of Rodes Division hardly knew rest until the end of the war. In constant motion and ceaseless fighting, they and their gallant leader rode and tramped from battle to battle, always seeking and finding the foe, and invariably striking him with the force of a thunderbolt.

The history of the command during this period, says Major Peyton, consists of "a series of marches and countermarches—one day in Maryland, the next in Virginia—engaged with Averill's

Cavalry perpetually, with occasional exercise in destroying the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Some idea may be formed of the active life it led when it is stated that during the summer campaign (of 1864), it was in camp six times at Fisher's Hill, and that Rodes pitched his tent nine different times in identically the same spot at Bunker Hill."

On the eighteenth of September, 1864, Rodes's Division was hurried to Winchester to assist Ramseur in meeting the advance of Sheridan. Rodes arrived on the field at a critical moment, and swept forward at once, carrying all before him.

General Early is credited with having said that this splendid charge by Rodes and his troops saved the Confederate Army that morning. Gordon's Division, which had been forced to give ground, now rallied, and the whole line moved forward, the enemy giving way before it. "At this instant," to again quote Major Peyton, "in the full flush of success, cheering his men on to victory. Rodes was struck in the head by a musket ball, and fell from his horse, never to rise or speak again. From that moment fortune seemed to desert the army of the Valley. The sun of Winchester set in gloom and defeat, and never again rose to victory."

General Francis H. Smith wrote of General Rodes: "As a division general, Major-General Rodes had no superior in the Army of Northern Virginia," and it has been said that if his advice had been followed at the Battle of Lynchburg the whole of Hunter's force might have been captured. In his history of Lynchburg Dr. Christian remarks that "There was a striking similarity between him and General Jackson, and many looked upon General Rodes as the suitable successor to the great leader. He and Jackson were classmates, professors and officers together, and both fell while nobly discharging their duty to their country. Well may Virginia feel proud of noble sons like there." Well indeed may Virginia feel proud, and especially may Lynchburg, his native home, treasure the memory, among her noblest traditions, of one who reflects undying glory on her name.

VI.

THE SECOND VIRGINIA CAVALRY

ADDRESS ACCEPTING THE TABLET AND
PEDESTAL IN MILLER PARK, LYNCHBURG,
OCTOBER 1, 1913

Sir Commander, Surviving Members of the Second Virginia Cavalry, Veterans, Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Owing to the fact that the Mayor, Hon. G. W. Smith, is unwell and the gentleman who was expected to perform this pleasant duty in his stead has found at the last moment that his official duties will not permit him to be present, I have been pressed into service to accept this tablet and pedestal on behalf of the City of Lynchburg. I would that greater opportunity of preparation might have been afforded me, for the occasion is one which deserves the best effort of anyone who might be honored with the privilege. As you have been eloquently reminded, it was upon this spot that on May 15, 1861, a regiment of cavalry, really the first regiment of cavalry that Virginia gave to the Confederate cause, was mustered into service by General Jubal A. Early, and here it was also that after four years of stubborn struggle, of patient suffering and privation, of gallant and glorious battle and conflict, it laid down its arms and furled its colors forever. In April, 1865, having cut through the Federal lines, without surrender at Appomattox, it came to this spot and disbanded, subject to the call of its commanding officer, a call which, of course, never came. It was at first called "The Radford Rangers," after its first Colonel R. Carleton W. Radford. It fought from the beginning to the end of the war. At the first battle of Manassas one of the captains, Winston Radford, was killed and from then on it was constantly under fire, and lost many of its officers and men. As long as mankind shall cherish the memory of glorious deeds, so long will the people of the South, turn in grateful remembrance to the history of these men and their compatriots, who shed their blood in as high

and noble a cause as ever summoned a people to arms. The people of Lynchburg especially may well take pride in the history of this regiment, for many of our foremost citizens were among its members. It might be considered invidious for me to mention some of their names, for they were many who won renown as members of this band of warriors, some of the most distinguished of whom are with us still, and some of whom have passed to their rest in recent years, but I am sure that all here present will agree that I violate no canon of good taste or propriety when I say that Lynchburg loves to dwell with pride and pleasure upon the thought that her foremost living citizen is with us here today in the person and presence of that chivalrous Confederate Brigadier under whose brilliant leadership the Second Virginia Cavalry performed many of its most notable exploits, the honored and beloved General Thomas T. Munford, who commanded it as Colonel and Brigadier-General to the end of the war. He was elected "Second Colonel" of the regiment at the time of its organization and later succeeded to its command. I think I may be permitted also to give expression to the pride I entertain and cherish in the thought that three of the gallant soldiers of this regiment were men whose name and blood I bear, one of them my honored father (Don P. Halsey), in whose career as a Confederate soldier I feel that I have an inheritance "incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away," another a brave and loyal cavalier, his brother (Alexander L. Halsey), who gave up his life for his country on the field of battle, and the third that gallant and courtly gentleman who won his title of Major (Stephen P. Halsey), while yet a mere boy, and who, as Commander of the Garland Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans presides over these ceremonies today. As a son, therefore, of this regiment, as well as a citizen of Lynchburg, I take great pride and pleasure in accepting on behalf of the Mayor, the Council and the people of Lynchburg this memorial which today we dedicate to the memory of the Second Virginia Cavalry. Long may it remain here to remind those who may look upon it of the noble and patriotic devotion of the men it commemorates, and may it ever inspire in the beholder the spirit of emulation of their heroic deeds.

VII.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL GARLAND, JR.

PRESENTING HIS PORTRAIT CONFEDERATE BATTLE ABBEY JUNE 19, 1922

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a most gracious and pleasant task which has been assigned to me today. I assure you that I consider it a privilege and an honor to have been selected as the mouthpiece of Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans of Lynchburg, to present this portrait to our Battle Abbey of that honored and gallant soldier and gentleman whose name is linked with that of the equally gallant Rodes in its name. In doing so I feel that I am justified, as a matter of pride in my own home town, to remark that this is the sixth portrait of one of her citizens to find a place in this honorable company of the great figures of the South in the Civil War. If any other place of equal size can equal this record I am not aware of it, and Lynchburg takes great pride in placing this portrait of General Garland on the walls of the South's Valhalla along with those of Generals Early, Rodes, Dearing, and Munford, and Major John W. Daniel.* We claim too a right to participate in the honor due to Colonel Rawley W. Martin, the heroic soldier and beloved physician, whose portrait bust is here, presented from Chatham, but who when he died had been for many years a citizen of Lynchburg.

Of the career of Brigadier-General Samuel Garland, Jr., time permits only a brief summary at this time. He was born in Lynchburg, December 16, 1830, and after graduating at the Virginia Military Institute and the University of Virginia, he practiced law in Lynchburg for several years, attaining a high position at the bar for his eloquence and learning. During this period he organized

* Since the presentation of General Garland's portrait several others of Lynchburg soldiers have been presented, among them those of Rev. T. M. Carson, Captain (or Major) Don P. Halsey, and Captain J. C. Featherston.

and became the first captain of the Lynchburg Home Guard, and when this company with others was organized into the Eleventh Virginia Regiment he became its first colonel. After the battle of Williamsburg, when he was wounded, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. He commanded his brigade at Seven Pines and other battles of importance until on the fourteenth of September, 1862, at the battle of South Mountain, near Boonsboro, Md., he was killed in action. When he fell he was thirty-one years of age. My father, Captain Don P. Halsey, served on his staff, being mentioned by him for gallant conduct at Seven Pines, where he was most severely wounded. In his report of that great battle General Garland said: "My aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Don P. Halsey, having attracted universal applause throughout my entire command by his handsome behavior, was rallying a disordered regiment and leading it forward with their colors in his hand when he received a dangerous wound in the head which will deprive me of his valuable services for a long time to come." I trust I may be pardoned if my filial pride prompts me also to say that when General Garland received his mortal wound, this officer, then Lieutenant Halsey, was the first to reach his side and to receive his dying message: "I am killed, send for the senior colonel." In his report of the Battle of Seven Pines, General D. H. Hill, who was in command of a division that was prominently engaged, said: "General Garland when his brigade was not actually engaged reported to me with his aide and adjutant to serve on my staff. In that capacity he rendered the most valuable services and was much exposed. His adjutant, Meem, was killed and his aide, Halsey, severely wounded near me. I had frequent occasion to notice the gallant bearing of these two officers." General Hill was never given to undue praise, and we must take it as the highest of encomiums when in his report of the battle of South Mountain he speaks of General Garland as a "pure, gallant, and accomplished Christian soldier who had no superior and few equals in the service." Again he spoke of him as "the most fearless man I ever knew, a Christian hero, a ripe scholar and a most accomplished gentleman."

When his remains were brought to Lynchburg, the whole population turned out to attend his burial, which took place from St. Paul's Episcopal Church of which he was a member. Amid the tolling of bells and the mourning of the entire community he was laid to rest in the old Presbyterian Cemetery, and his memory is held in honor today by every citizen of his native city, as well as among the survivors of his comrades in whose behalf I now present this portrait.

VIII.

GENERAL JAMES DEARING

SPEECH OF FRED. HARPER, ESQ., ON PRESENTA-
TION OF PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JAMES
DEARING TO CAMPBELL COUNTY
MARCH 13, 1933

May It Please the Court:

It is to be regretted that this particular service might not be assumed by one better qualified for its adequate performance; one whose knowledge of the period and figures involved is more extensive and more accurate; whose contemporaneous contacts and associations would furnish a desirable personal viewpoint; and whose literary and oratorical equipment could better meet the just demands of the occasion.

But if the results of an intensive, but a necessarily hasty, study of available data may be offered in place of that wider and sounder knowledge; if a sincere and unbounded admiration for the gallant hero whose memory is to be thus honored may be accepted in substitute for a more intimately personal approach; and if a deep pride in the assignment may be frankly confessed and tendered in lieu of higher qualifications; then the service may be undertaken with less misgiving. At least, because of my affectionate regard for those now most nearly concerned, by whom the invitation was so graciously extended, and because the subject of this tribute was so beloved and esteemed by another who has been similarly honored here, and from whom I imbibed much of the information I do possess, and even more of the admiration which I feel, the task is approached *con amore*.

If some great sculptor, of creative genius, in the days of its glorious struggle, had been commissioned to present to the world, in enduring bronze, a figure which would embody the high ideals, the dauntless courage, and the chivalrous virtues of the militant Confederacy, he would have moulded the masculine form of a youthful officer, of stalwart proportions but of physical beauty. In the

pose and bearing would have been depicted the unconquerable spirit within. Upon the countenance would have been seen the calm and clear eyed gaze of one conscious of his own rectitude and confident of the justice of his cause. Mounted upon a noble, curvetting steed, the whole figure, from plumed crown to spur tipped heel, would have bespoken his own gallantry and chivalry and that which was so distinctly characteristic of his people for whom he fought.

And for a perfect model, one that only needed to be faithfully portrayed, the artist might well have chosen Brigadier General James Dearing; for in him was combined the grace and beauty, the dashing courage and military *flaire*, the cleanness of soul and loftiness of ideals, the unfaltering devotion and unswerving loyalty, that made him a Southern *Beau Ideal*.

“They that on glorious ancestors enlarge
Produce their debt, and not their discharge.”

But where that inherited *noblesse oblige* has been splendidly observed, even unto the last great sacrifice of life itself, a distinguished ancestry may be vouched with pride, in acknowledgment of its transmission of that native equipment of blood and breeding, which has so flowered into noble achievement.

Charles Lynch, of Irish extraction and a youthful immigrant to Virginia, became a member of the Colonial House of Burgesses, representing that jurisdiction which embraced what is now Campbell County. He contributed to that liberty loving body, assembled at Williamsburg, the ability and character and sturdy common sense of one of Virginia's foremost pioneer citizens. And from its associations he drew much which deepened and strengthened his own patriotic loyalty and love for his new country.

These qualities he transmitted to his son, Charles Lynch, who became a Colonel of infantry in the Army commanded by General Greene, and who served with distinction in the important campaigns upon which it was engaged throughout our Revolutionary War.

It was this same Colonel Charles Lynch who, with equal distinction, performed an equally important service during that formative period. As chosen Judge of an improvised local Court, without strict legal authority, but with every compliance with proper

principles of criminal jurisprudence, he did much to protect and preserve the lives and property of our citizens from real lawlessness and crime. It is unfortunate that "Lynch Law," with such an origin, has acquired so sinister, and so different, a meaning as used today.

On the paternal side, another great-grandfather, James Dearing, was also a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary Army, serving under the immediate command of the immortal Washington himself.

In direct descent from these maternal and paternal forebears, in undefiled streams, through successive channels which kept them clean and pure, flowed the bloods which eventually commingled in the veins of James Dearing. It was a heritage more to be cherished, and by him accounted of higher value, than all the broad acres which had nourished it for generations.

James Dearing was the son of James Griffin Dearing and his wife, Mary Ann Lynch Dearing, and was born in Campbell County, on April 25, 1840, at the family homestead bearing the euphonious name of "Otterburne."

His father died when he was but seven years of age; and thereafter he was reared in the home of Charles H. Lynch, his great uncle, at "Lynch's Creek," a location now known as "Edgewood," just beyond the present limits of the City of Lynchburg.

Even in his childhood, young Dearing showed such predilection for things military that he was frequently referred to in the family as "the little soldier."

His academic education was received in part at the Reid School in Lynchburg, to and from which he was accustomed to ride on horseback. He was a natural rider, even as a boy, and he became a superb horseman. He loved the feel of a good mount between his knees. And he delighted to perform equestrian feats of such skill and daring as to arouse the admiration and envy of his less venturesome and less accomplished companions.

After finishing at the Reid School, he attended Hanover Academy near Richmond. Here, as everywhere during his life, he impressed his associates by the charm of his personality and the keenness of his mind. "Jimmie" Dearing was ever a favorite, in any company.

When he was eighteen years of age, an opportunity was presented which enabled him to achieve a cherished ambition. Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, a member of Congress from this District, tendered him the appointment as cadet to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. The offer was accepted with eager enthusiasm; and in 1858, the young soldier entered upon his chosen career, destined to be a glorious one, though, unhappily, all too brief.

At West Point he soon made himself an outstanding figure in his class, and he won the affectionate admiration and esteem of the entire corps.

Full of buoyant life, with youth's avidity for its normal pleasures, he was a leader in the social activities of his group. Playing his own accompaniment upon the banjo, he often sang the old songs which were known and loved by all. And he was the first to introduce to his comrades there the soul stirring "Dixie," which many of them were to hear, again and again, on other occasions, amid less peaceful surroundings.

General Morris Shaff, one time a member of the staff of General Grant, was in the same class with young Dearing. In his book, "The Spirit of Old West Point," he makes affectionate reference to him in these words:

"The mention of his name will recall to everyone who was at West Point with him . . . his tall figure, his naturally hearty greeting, and his naturally happy face. Moreover to those who were his close friends,—I am sure everyone was who was in Company D with him—there will come into their vision groups of cadets in gray and white, now in barracks now in camp, and in their midst will be Dearing, playing on his banjo and singing 'Dixie'."

And this same officer, who ever retained his affectionate memory of his young classmate, wrote to General Dearing's daughter in 1921:

"What a handsome and great hearted fellow he was! Easily the natural leader of his class."

Upon such a cadet, in such congenial surroundings, the blow of the Civil War fell with that peculiar force which those alone felt who were compelled to choose between the army in which they were already commissioned, and to which they were bound by so many ties, on the one hand, and the unformed army of their own Southland, on the other.

But young Dearing, though yet in his 'teens, following the example of the illustrious Lee, did not hesitate. When his native Virginia took her place beside her sister states under the new flung "Stars and Bars," he promptly tendered his resignation from the Academy, and turned southward, to offer his sword to his own people, to share their fortunes and to abide their fate.

He made his way, not without difficulty and by a circuitous route, to Richmond. Having preference for the artillery branch of the service, he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant and assigned to the Washington Artillery, a battalion organized in New Orleans. This was done at the request of Lieutenant-Colonel Walton, commanding the battalion, upon the suggestion of Lieutenant Rosser, who had been with Dearing at West Point.

After the battles of Bull Run and Manassas, in 1861, in which this splendid unit had been engaged, though not heavily, Dearing was assigned to Rosser's Battery of the Battalion, the latter having been made a captain.

Rosser has said of him that, by virtue of his personal charm, skill and accomplishments, he soon became: "The most popular young officer in the army."

In the fall of 1861 the Battery was engaged, as part of the forces under General J. E. B. Stuart, in many raids and fights around Munson's Hill and Lewinville, in the reports of which Lieutenant Dearing was stated to have been "conspicuous in exhibiting superb courage and military skill and ability."

In the spring of 1862, Captain H. Grey Latham having resigned, Dearing was unanimously elected as Captain of Latham's Battery, which was organized at Lynchburg and which was made up of many of his boyhood friends and companions.

He soon rose to the rank of Major and had a battalion of four batteries under him, including Latham's Battery. And he distinguished himself for the dash and skill which he displayed in

numerous engagements, including the great Battle of Gettysburg, where his battalion was furiously engaged in the artillery duel which marked the third day's fighting.

In the winter of 1863-64, General Pickett, with the remnant of his famous Division, was assigned to service in eastern North Carolina, with headquarters at Petersburg, Va. He was badly in need of cavalry. Collecting such a force of mounted men as were available, he placed them under the command of Major Dearing, and he requested that Dearing be ordered to this command, with temporary rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He was given this assignment; but General Lee suggested his command of the artillery to be used in the expedition against New Berne.

While thus in touch with headquarters at Petersburg, young Dearing diverted from military duties long enough to woo and win the hand of Miss Roxana Birchett, of that city, to whom he was married and to which union there was born a daughter, now Mrs. Frank P. Christian, of Lynchburg, happily present here today.

During the campaign in Carolina several fortified posts near Plymouth became the immediate objectives for capture. Although these were defended by superior numbers, Colonel Dearing determined to attempt this by assault. On the fourteenth day of March, 1864, as he was leading his cavalry into this movement, he noted his old battalion, including Latham's Battery, then under Captain J. W. Dickerson, of Lynchburg, in position near at hand.

Inspired by the spirit of dashing and daring courage, which was his most conspicuous attribute, he wrote a new page in military history and introduced a new feature in the art of war. He commanded his old battalion of artillery to charge with his cavalry.

Following their intrepid leader, the gallant gunners limbered and unlimbered, fired and charged, fired and charged again and again, taking their cannon and caissons along as so much light cavalry equipment. The novelty of such a charge, and the impetuosity of its execution, had much to do with the brilliant success which the movement achieved in the capture of all the objectives.

Later General Forrest and perhaps others, adopted this same expedient, but to Colonel Dearing must be awarded the distinction of being the first officer ever to use artillery as an integral part of a dashing cavalry charge.

For his distinguished service on this occasion he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of Cavalry. He was yet but a youth, being only twenty-three years of age. It is the understanding of the family that this promotion was announced on the field. If so, he was the youngest officer to attain this rank, in either army. The actual commission was issued on April 29, 1864; but even with this date as a basis, there were only two others to share this distinction with him.

However young in years, he was a seasoned veteran in experience, and his demonstrated skill, his capacity for leadership, and his subsequent service, justified this promotion. Shortly thereafter he was placed in charge of the horse artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia.

When Brigadier-General Rosser, who had for some time been in command of the famous "Laurel Brigade" of Cavalry, was promoted to the rank of Major General, he and General Lee corresponded as to the most suitable officer to succeed to that command.

General Lee wrote:

"There is a very gallant and meritorious young Brigadier - General of Cavalry, who has an irregular command, which is not such as he should have, and I think it would be best to transfer him to your old brigade. . . . I know you will like him, for he is liked by everybody and is one of the most promising young officers of the Army."

He was referring to James Dearing; and to the delight of General Rosser, his old friend, the young Brigader became the commander of the great cavalry brigade, organized by the lamented Ashby, and called by Rosser "the finest brigade of cavalry that ever marched or fought under the Starry Cross." This means that it was the finest that ever marched under any banner in all history.

Winning fresh laurels for his command and for himself, he led them with conspicuous ability in numerous fights which attended the declining star of the Confederacy. Assisting in covering the retreat of Lee, time and again he turned upon the pursuing enemy, and taught them that the southern soldiers were still fighting.

On April 6, 1865, when Federal troops were attempting the capture and destruction of High Bridge, an essential railroad trestle near Farmville, General Dearing bore the brunt of its protection. A furious hand to hand engagement occurred. In the midst of the melee, while in the act of firing his pistol, with arm extended, he was seriously wounded by an accidental shot from one of his own men.

At that time he carried in his pocket, with what pride may well be imagined, a letter from General Lee, in which his beloved Chieftain had notified him that the papers for his promotion to the rank of Major-General were then in the hands of the Secretary of War; graciously adding:

“A promotion already too long delayed by reason of my inability to fill your present command of the Laurel Brigade.”

And he was not yet twenty-five years of age!

General Dearing, desperately wounded, was hurriedly moved to the Ladies' Relief Hospital in Lynchburg, where despite all available skill, his sorrowing family and friends could only watch with agonized hearts, as the inevitable end drew nearer and nearer.

Lee had surrendered. The Confederacy was doomed. And Lynchburg, a long sought prize, was about to fall into the hands of the enemy.

As Federal troops approached to invest the City, General McKenzie, the commanding officer, Dearing's classmate at West Point, heard of his old friend's condition. With chivalrous consideration, he sent a courier to request that General Dearing be not moved, giving assurance that he would not be required to take the prescribed oath, nor permitted to be otherwise disturbed or embarrassed.

Shortly thereafter General McKenzie called in person at the Hospital. Entering the room where General Dearing was lying, he dropped upon his knees at the bedside and burst into tears—a touching tribute from a gallant soldier to a stricken enemy who was still a beloved friend.

On April 23, 1865, General Dearing succumbed to his wound; and his clean young soul winged its way to that sphere reserved for those alone who have nobly lived and nobly died.

On April 25, 1865, his twenty-fifth birthday, the casket containing his remains was draped with the flag which he had so valiantly held aloft, so bravely defended and so loyally loved. Drawn by "Old Whitey," the army horse of his life long friend, Major John W. Daniel, and which had carried him, and later General Jubal A. Early, on numerous battlefields, the body was borne to the family plat at "Lynch's Creek" and reverently interred.

Subsequently it was removed to Spring Hill Cemetery, in Lynchburg, where it now rests in its last long sleep.

It is meet and right that, among those of her sons deemed most worthy to receive the tribute of a memorial in this building, Campbell County should include this gallant and brilliant young soldier. And the addition of this handsome portrait too, the gallery already so auspiciously begun, is an important contribution toward the ultimate purpose of making this Temple of Justice also a hallowed patriotic shrine.

It is destined to become one, to which, through the years, our people will again and again repair, in reverence and devotion, to pay homage to the memory of those thus honored, who shall have gloriously achieved, nobly lived and splendidly served. Here such pilgrims will receive the inspiration that must come from the study of their countenances and the contemplation of their illustrious examples. And here they will be led to reconsecrate themselves to worthy emulation.

That inspiration to deeds of gallantry and chivalry, to lives of usefulness and honor, and to patriotic service, will flow no more compellingly from any face that will ever look down from these walls than from the portrait which, in loving memory, we dedicate here today; that of James Dearing, Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

IX.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES DEARING

REMARKS ACCEPTING HIS PORTRAIT, AS JUDGE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF CAMPBELL COUNTY

Mr. Harper, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a profound pleasure and privilege to accept on behalf of the Court and people of Campbell County, this portrait of one of its most illustrious sons, which has just been presented in appropriate and eloquent words by Mr. Harper. To him, as well as to the daughter of General Dearing, Mrs. Frank P. Christian, the donor of this splendid picture of General Dearing, and to Mrs. J. A. Mahood, the artist, who has executed it in such handsome style, we desire to acknowledge our sincere appreciation and thanks. It is gratifying indeed to have this noble addition to the portrait gallery of her distinguished sons which Campbell County, largely through the inspiration and activity of one of her most loyal citizens, Honorable Robert A. Russell, is beginning to assemble here upon the walls of this court room. Already we have six such portraits, in addition to the tablets erected to the memory of General William Campbell, after whom the county was named, and General Dearing's ancestor, Colonel Charles Lynch, distinguished officer of the Revolution whose name is associated with the summary mode of execution known as "Lynch Law," although as administered by him it was a very different thing from the criminal offense associated with it now. It is regretted that no portraits of General Campbell and Colonel Lynch are now available.

It is especially appropriate it seems to me that this portrait of General Dearing should hang here alongside of that of Major John W. Daniel, his lifelong friend and comrade in arms, and that of General Thomas L. Rosser, under whose command he served, and who admired him greatly, saying that he was one of the most fearless, dashing and skillful officers in the army. Well

indeed may the people of Campbell look upon this portrait hereafter and derive inspiration from the noble and beautiful countenance of one of the most romantic and chivalrous characters produced by the great Civil War, a character destined to shine in history along with such heroic figures as those of the gallant Turner Ashby who organized and led the famous Laurel Brigade which Dearing afterwards commanded, the immortal J. E. B. Stuart, the "flower of cavaliers," and the gallant Pelham, the famous boy artillerist (Dearing was himself a major of artillery before he became a brigadier of cavalry), all of whom laid down their lives in battle for the cause to Southern hearts so dear.

Mr. Clerk, it is the order of the Court that this portrait of General Dearing be accepted on behalf of the Court and people of Campbell County, and that it remain upon the wall of this court room as a constant reminder to all beholders of the virtues of courage, patriotism and loyalty.

X.

PRESENTING THE PORTRAIT OF
REV. T. M. CARSON, D. D.
CONFEDERATE BATTLE ABBEY
RICHMOND, VA., DECEMBER 8, 1923

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is an honor of which I am deeply appreciative to have been selected by his children to present on their behalf this portrait of one whom in life I loved and whose memory I will never cease to revere. From the time when as an infant I received at his hands the rite of holy baptism until his body was borne to the tomb, my life was intimately connected with his, and along with many others who still live in Lynchburg, where he labored so long and so faithfully, I will ever continue to think of him as my ideal of a Christian minister and a holy, humble and faithful servant of God.

Of his record as a soldier of the Confederacy it is more fitting that his comrades should speak, but none who ever knew him can doubt that in that cause as well as in the cause of his Divine Master, Christ, he was brave, devoted, forgetful of self, and unswerving in the performance of duty. As a man, as a citizen, as a minister of the Gospel, Dr. Carson exemplified the highest attributes of a noble nature and a lofty spirit. In Lynchburg, where the best years of his life were given to unremitting service, there is no name held in deeper reverence or more abiding affection. It is doubtful if in the history of that city any pastorate ever existed for a longer period than did that of Dr. Carson at St. Paul's Church. For well nigh a third of a century this godly man preached and labored among our people, endearing himself to all who came within the sphere of his holy influence, and "throughout all this tract of years wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

The Rev. Theodore Myers Carson, D. D., a son of the late Judge Joseph S. Carson, of Winchester, Virginia, was born April 30, 1834, and died in Lynchburg, Virginia, September 24, 1902.

After attending the schools in his native town of Winchester, he completed his collegiate course at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he graduated, receiving successively the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

Immediately after leaving college he entered the ministry, and at the outbreak of the war enlisted in the army of the Confederate States, as chaplain of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, with the rank of captain. After serving nearly three years as such, he was transferred to the Field Hospital Corps, formerly General Stonewall Jackson's command, but at that time under the command of General Gordon, and was under-chaplain of that corps.

Three days before Appomattox, at the battle of Sailor's Creek he was captured and along with many Confederate officers was confined first in the old Capitol Prison, in Washington, and later at Johnson's Island, where he was compelled to remain for several months after the surrender.

Upon his return to Virginia his first charge was in Winchester, subsequently in Orange, Virginia, and on January 1, 1870, he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Lynchburg, Virginia, where he remained in active work for upwards of thirty years, and until his death. At that time and for years prior thereto, Dr. Carson was chaplain of the Kirkwood Otey Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and also an active member and chaplain of the Garland-Rodes Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Lynchburg. He was the dean of the convocation, and was also president of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of the Southern Virginia, of which the late Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph was then bishop.

Dr. Carson was a man of very distinguished presence, with a deep, well trained voice, and never have the services of the Episcopal Church been more impressively conducted than by him. His sermons were clothed in scholarly diction, and delivered with a dignity of bearing and a benignity of expression which will never be forgotten by those who heard him. His scholarship and intellectual gifts were of the highest order, and in a day when slang and politics and sensationalism and vulgarity were already beginning to besmirch the cloth and degrade the pulpit, he disdained these self-seeking methods of gaining a hearing, and true to his exalted conception of his "high calling of God in Christ Jesus"

held up for dying men the Cross and its everlasting hope. In his intercourse with his fellow men Dr. Carson was genial, kindly, considerate and thoughtful, always well informed and entertaining in conversation, a charming companion and a loyal friend. His manner was always courtly and elegant, knightly and gentle, and of none may it more truly be said than of him that he ever, "bore without reproach the grand old name of gentleman."

As was said of Alfred Tennyson whom he much admired and often quoted, "In the great silent reaction of our age from the desperate solitude of a consistent skepticism, his voice was a clear toned bell, calling the unwilling exiles of belief to turn again."

And when, after a long life of consecrated toil and achievement, he laid his armor down and answered the call to "come up higher," this white souled soldier of the South and of the Cross passed from mortal view mourned for by his people as for a Prince in Israel, and yet rejoiced for by them as for one who had finished his course and kept the faith. Again let me say then, that I count it an honor and a privilege to present to this Battle Abbey of the South, this Valhalla of the Confederacy, this portrait of one who is worthy to be here in this company of immortals.

XI.

COLONEL RAWLEY W. MARTIN

ADDRESS PRESENTING THE PORTRAIT OF DR.
R. W. MARTIN, ON BEHALF OF RAWLEY MARTIN
CHAPTER U. D. C., TO PITTSYLVANIA COUNTY,
CHATHAM, VA., OCTOBER 22, 1927

May It Please the Court, and You, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Excited by the excesses of the Parisian mob, at the time of the French Revolution, the great orator and political philosopher, Edmund Burke, exclaimed, "The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished forever!"

Less than half a century later, on September 30, 1835, there was born in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, a man whose life and character were such as to refute the pessimistic exclamation of Burke, and furnish ample proof that knighthood and chivalry, in the sense that they represent the higher virtues of manhood, such as truth and honor, and valor and courtesy, have survived the vain pomp and splendor of mediaeval romance, and in all their essential attributes shine forth with a brighter lustre and a higher glory than the ancient fields of tournament ever knew.

It was the first requisite of a true knight in the days "when knighthood was in flower," that he should be man of honor. Without this basic quality, there could be no knighthood and no chivalry. When on the field of Pavia, France had suffered one of the greatest reversals in her annals, King Francis wrote home to his mother: "All is lost save honor." To the true knight in every age, such words come with the inspiration of an evangel, for with honor saved, all is never lost; but with honor gone, nothing remains worthy of knightly character. What the world most needs today is a revival of knightly honor, a return of that "sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound," and "ennobled whatever it touched." In the long and noble career of him whose portrait we unveil today, the chivalric trait of stainless honor was ever foremost and uppermost, and of none whom it was ever my privilege to know, could it more fittingly be said that he

could utter with truth and sincerity the words placed by Shakespeare upon the lips of the noble Brutus:

“Set honor in one eye and death in the other:
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.”

Another of the foremost qualities of the old-time knighthood was that of personal courage. In the days of mediaeval chivalry, this was considered of greater consequence than any other requisite, and in our own day, as in all times past, the quality of physical bravery is considered essential to true manhood. If there be those inclined to agree with Burke that the age of chivalry is gone, they can certainly find no basis for that opinion in the history of America, so far as fearless and desperate valor is concerned. Think, for instance, of the Revolutionary hero, Sergeant Jasper, placing the fallen flag of his country firmly upon the bastion at Fort Moultrie, while shot and shell poured in deadly hail around him. Think of Paul Jones replying to the British demand that he surrender, with the intrepid boast that he was just beginning to fight. Think of the heroes who scaled the storm-crowned heights of Chapultepec, or of the ragged immortals in gray, who, for four long years on glory-flooded fields crowned with imperishable honor and fame the name of Confederate soldier. Think of Stonewall Jackson, the peerless leader of the “foot cavalry of the valley,” or of Stuart, the “flower of cavaliers,” the *beau sabreur*, who, with the fiery zeal of a Prince Rupert and the intrepidity of a Richard Coeur de Lion at the head of his crusaders, flashes across the pages of history with all the brilliance of

“That Arthur, who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and kings.”

All these display the spirit of the old-time bravery and valor. All these exhibit as high and fine a type of military courage and devotion as that of any Paladin of old who ever “caracoled upon the Syrian sands and courted death with smiling lips and steady

eyes." But there is one incident of heroic bravery which to my mind is equal to any of them, and surpasses any feat of arms or deed of valor ever performed upon the field of tournament, a triumph of desperate daring and faultless courage, over which the morning stars might have sung together, fitting to rank forever with the deed done by the little band led by Leonidas at Thermopylae, over whose grave is written the legend, "Go, stranger, tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws." I speak of that glorious day at Gettysburg, when, on July 3, 1863, the cause of the Confederacy reached its highest point of achievement, but only, alas, to be thrown back, and thenceforward to recede until it went down in blood and tears at Appomattox. On that fateful day, when Pickett's division made its immortal charge, the Fifty-third Regiment, of Armistead's Brigade, was under the command of its lieutenant-colonel, and as this regiment, under his gallant leadership, went forward at "double quick" and reached the stone fence at the top of Cemetery Hill, behind which the Federals were lying, the first man to reach and mount the fence, was he whom we are gathered to honor today. Calling aloud, "Forward with the colors!" he leaped down on the other side, only to fall desperately and well nigh fatally wounded, within the Federal lines. The charge had failed, but never till the last syllable of recorded time will be forgot the glory and the heroism of the men who made it, among whom, as the "bravest of the brave," was the knightly hero, Rawley W. Martin, lieutenant-colonel of the Fifty-third Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

It is not to the fighting man, however, that I would give the highest meed of praise. To serve others was ever the highest aim of chivalry, and there are other deeds than those of strife and conflict which make the time chivalric, and it is for these that I would claim precedence in contending that the chivalry of today is of nobler type than that of yore. The poets tell us that "Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war," and "Peace has higher tests of manhood than battles ever knew." In these days of large humanity, heroism has become common. Out of the commonplace drapery of this era in which business is apparently the first thought that engages men's thoughts and ambitions, out of the thick folds

of our seemingly sordid materialism, there break, ever and anon, flashes of splendor and power, gleams of grand romantic fire, far brighter than the flickering flame which burned on the bloody fields of the olden time. To the savers of men's lives, rather than to their destroyers, belongs the truer bravery and the higher glory. Theirs is the spirit of true chivalry and valor, and they may justly lay claim to the highest order of chivalrous thought and action "though they make no proclamation of trumpet, nor charge in the clanging lists." This chivalry of peace can claim among its foremost examples the man whose memory we exalt today. When the war drums of the Confederacy throbbed no longer, and its battle flags were forever furled; when heartbroken and foot-weary, its gallant veterans turned their faces towards the dismal looking future and prepared to take up the battle of life amid the ashes of their ruined homes, among the bravest and most hopeful was the maimed hero of Cemetery Ridge. His sword forever sheathed, he took up his books instead, and with battles forever a memory, he turned his energies toward the relief of sickness and suffering. In the simple, yet heroic, role of a country doctor, he dedicated his future years to going to and fro among his impoverished people, ministering to their needs as only a true family physician can, and here at Chatham and throughout the surrounding country, he became a comforter and a friend to all who required his services, and wove his life into those of his fellow citizens with a love that still survives in the hearts of all those whose homes he entered. Later on, in 1895, he moved to Lynchburg, where his memory is cherished in love, second only, if at all, to that which remembers him here, and advanced to the very leadership of his calling in the State. All the honors of the medical profession were showered upon him in profusion—president of the Lynchburg Medical Association, president of the Board of Medical Examiners of Virginia, member of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia for twenty-one years, and also of the Board of Visitors of the V. M. I., president of the Board of Health of this county, president of the State Medical Society, member of various other boards and scientific societies, in all of these capacities serving with notable zeal and efficiency. He was at the time of his death, and had been for many years, president of the State Board of Health,

during his incumbency of which office he was largely instrumental in the establishment of the State sanatorium at Catawba, and thereby in the prevention and cure of one of the greatest scourges of mankind, the great white plague of tuberculosis.

When, at last, on April 20, 1912, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, he passed to his reward, he was followed to his grave here at Chatham by hosts of loving friends, and left behind the memory of a life devoted to the service of humanity, and a name to be inscribed high upon the shining scroll of

“The knightliest of that knightly band
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.”

Still another quality of knighthood and one of its finest and noblest, is courtesy, by which I mean not merely politeness, but that feeling of gentle, unselfish consideration for others, springing from kindness of nature, such, for instance, as that evidenced by Sir Philip Sidney, who, when he lay mortally wounded, gave the cup of cold water he so sorely craved to the poor soldier who had fallen by his side, saying, “Take it, friend; thy need is greater than mine.” To the true knight, his kindness is as instinctive as his valor. “The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring.” The men who forget themselves for the sake of others, who move out of themselves radiant with moral beauty and manly worth, these are the belt of stars which form the brightest constellation in the firmament of our age, and among them none shines with a lovelier lustre than the glowing star which represents the name of Rawley Martin.

If I were an artist and could paint a picture of the ideal modern knight, I would scorn to deck him out in armor of steel and greaves of brass, with visor drawn and lance on rest for the shock of tournament. Rather, I would dip my brush in the sunlight and paint him as one who in the simple glory of manhood evinces that true chivalry of which Browning speaks:

“That dares the right, and disregards alike
The yea and nay o’ the world.”

I would picture him as one who goes forth to the battle of life with the cry of "Honor!" on his lips, and lets not even the sheen of Arthur's bright Excalibur outvie the brightness of his sword of truth. I would delineate upon the canvas of the times a man than whom not Sir Philip Sidney nor the Chevalier Bayard himself, could be more clearly "without fear and without reproach," a man who could say, with the great Sir Galahad, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." He should wear no breastplate nor casque of metal to turn aside the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but on his breast he should ever bear that purest and brightest star of knighthood, "reverence and decorous regard for her, however so humble, who appears in the sacred form of woman." All in all, I would depict him as the realization of the poet's dream of the ideal knight:

"Who revered his conscience as his king,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
Who spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it,
Who loved one only, and who clave to her
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

And when the picture was done, I would know that there stood revealed a nobler figure than Lancelot in the lists or the Black Prince in the field—such a man as he whose portrait we shall presently unveil, and from its frame would look forth the kindly, yet noble, features of one like the gallant soldier, the beloved physician, the loyal friend, the servant of mankind, Rawley W. Martin, a pearl of modern chivalry, who "ever bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

May it please Your Honor, it is with a feeling of great pride in the honor that is mine in having been selected by Rawley Martin Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to be their mouth-piece, yet with great humility in the thought that the task they have assigned me might be far more fittingly performed, that I now present on their behalf to the County of Pittsylvania, to hang henceforward on the walls of its temple of justice, this portrait of their ideal hero in war and peace—Colonel and Doctor Rawley White Martin.

XII.

MRS. LUCY MINA OTEY

AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TABLET, CORNER
MAIN AND SIXTH STREETS, LYNCHBURG,
MAY 30, 1932

*Sir Commander, Veterans, Daughters, and Sons of Veterans,
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

President Jefferson Davis, the revered chieftain of the South's "lost cause," in the dedication of his great work on "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," inscribed it in words of unsurpassed dignity and beauty, "To the women of the Confederacy, whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers smoothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love; whose domestic labor contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field; whose zealous faith in our cause showed a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war; whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected; whose annual tribute expresses their enduring grief, love and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires." To none of those glorious women of whom these words were written could they be more exactly applicable than to her in whose memory we today unveil this tablet. Lucy Mina Otey was a representative woman of the Confederacy and it may well be that thoughts of her individually, as well as of the host of noble Southern women of which she was the type, were in the mind of Mr. Davis when he penned this tribute, for we know that he not only was acquainted with her personally, but that he also knew and appreciated the great work she had accomplished as the organizer and head of that Ladies Relief Hospital which stood on this spot, in recognition of which he had himself commissioned her as a captain in the Army of the Confederate States.

As we gather year by year to bedeck with flowers the graves of our Confederate soldiers and to commemorate their heroic deeds, there can be no tribute of love more worthy to be paid than that

which we owe to the noble women of the Confederacy, whose heroism deserves equal praise and equal honor with that displayed by the men who upheld its cause by the might of arms on the field of battle. And to the end that their supreme devotion and peerless example may be suitably handed down to the ages to come, the South should see to it that a monument to their memory, of sufficient dignity and beauty to fittingly symbolize their worth, shall be erected where all nations shall behold it and all time shall not destroy it. I have long believed, as suggested years ago by my own mother, that this monument should take the form of a great educational institution where the descendants of those peerless women might learn to emulate and perpetuate their virtues, but whatever and wherever it may be erected, it should bear where all may read it, the tribute written by President Davis, as the fittest expression of our reverence, devotion and abiding love. The inspiring and ennobling influences of their women have ever been the mainspring of the noblest endeavors of the men of the South. During those stormy times of civil strife, when your souls were tried as God grant men's souls may never be tried again, whose hands were they, soldiers of the South, which upheld yours, even as Aaron and Hur upheld the hands of Moses, not only while the tide of battle flowed victoriously, but all the time, in victory and in defeat? And in all the glorious achievements of the South in the years which have passed since then, what have been the chiefest sources of Southern inspiration and endeavor? I am actuated by no mere desire to flatter, but only to give honor where honor is due, when I say that the glories achieved by the men of the South in peace and war could not have been achieved by the men of the South alone, and had they not been supported and assisted by the dauntless women of the South the Bonnie Blue Flag of the Confederacy would have gone down to defeat long before the surrender at Appomattox, and after the war the South would have remained prostrate beneath the feet of its victorious invaders.

The men of the South have conquered adversity because they have had ever before them the admirable example of the women of the South, whose fair representatives lend the charm of their presence to this scene today,—women of whom the ancient Alcestis and Cornelia were but imperfect types, Christian women of a

higher civilization and nobler mould than pagan antiquity ever knew. In the darkest hours of war, in poverty, distress and tribulation, they refused to be discouraged, and in the piping times of peace, amid trials that might well dismay the stoutest hearts, they have quietly and resolutely gone about their chosen work of building up and maintaining, not only the truth of history and the memory of the men who made history, but the material prosperity and well being of the land where history was made. By them have the graves of our patriot soldiers been kept green, and to their patient toil and sacrifice, their invincible perseverance and unremitting effort, more than to any other cause, is due the fact that Confederate soldiers are commemorated throughout the length and breadth of their beloved Southland by statues and monuments that tell in enduring bronze and marble the story of their bravery and devotion.

A number of years ago a gallant and beloved Confederate officer whom many of you will remember, Dr. Carter Berkeley, told me that when Hunter went up the Valley of Virginia and the old men and boys who constituted the "Home Guard" went out to meet him, there was one old fellow of seventy-five who had already lost three sons in the war and had his only remaining one at home recovering from a wound. When General Imboden issued his proclamation, calling upon everybody to come out, this gallant old man happening to be in Staunton, saw the proclamation, and when he went home that night he told his wife that the enemy was coming up the Valley and he was going out to meet him, and added, "I will leave our boy at home to take care of you." The next morning he found that she had prepared them both for the front and was told by her, "Our boy can go down with you and fight, I can take care of myself." Talk about your Spartan mothers telling their sons to come home "with their shields or on them," there was as fine an example of Spartan heroism as ever was sung by poet or illumined the page of historian. No wonder the soldiers of the South could bravely suffer and calmly die. The sympathy and example of such women were enough to inspire them in all the vicissitudes they underwent from the glories of Manassas and Chancellorsville to the gloom of Gettysburg and Appomattox.

It is most appropriate, therefore, that this tablet should now be erected to one of the noblest and most typical of those heroic women. Of her family of seven sons and a daughter, all of the sons served faithfully and gallantly in the Confederate Army, only four of them being left alive at the close of the war; and the daughter married Captain John Stewart Walker, of Richmond, "as brave an officer who ever drew sword," who was killed at the battle of Malvern Hill.

Of her work as the head of the hospital which she conducted here in the "Old Union Hotel," it would take a volume to tell the story, but that story is recorded in the hearts of the Southern people whose heroes she ministered to and comforted, and this tablet is but a symbol of a memorial that shall last forever. I feel, therefore, that I cannot better conclude these remarks than by quoting the tribute written nearly forty years ago by my mother, herself a devoted woman of the Confederacy, though only a girl in years at the time of the war; a tribute published in *The Southern Literary Messenger* of July, 1895:

"Beacon lights, the lives of illustrious women are, and the reflection of them will tend to throw light into the dark corners of plodding hearts, who aiming for the right amid the perplexities of the present hours, ask to be shown the way. Surely beautiful lives prove to us that indeed we may make our own sublime.

"As a Christian she is first to be considered. 'Christ all in all' was the motto of her life, over which the signal star of duty ever shed its glow. Giving throughout her life the first fruits of her labors to benevolent work, she conspicuously emulated the example of the worthy Dorcas, the beautiful Margaret Daugherty, the patient, tender Florence Nightengale, and like the Roman matron of old she placed upon her country's altar her jewels—her all. When He Who gave them claimed them for His own, she submissively exclaimed, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

"It was said of her during the dark days of the Confederacy that had its matchless leader been removed by death she could have guided the ship of state to its haven of success as ably as did that Virgin Queen who said, 'I am a woman, but I have the heart of a King.'

“At home, woman’s realm, as wife, mother, friend, mistress and housewife, shone forth those gifts which elicited the admiration of all who enjoyed her unbounded hospitality, the sunrise breakfast, the noonday dinner, and the ideal tea, resembling the famous English entertainments. Her home might have been photographed at any hour, such was the charm of its neatness and completeness.

“And when to this was added the personality of a woman who possessed the exquisite capacity of ‘making a rainy day look gay,’ there went forth a power that could not be measured, and an influence that could not fade.

“Beloved by all, she passed to her great reward.”

XIII.

ROBERT JORDAN DAVIS, ESQ.

REMARKS IN OFFERING RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT IN THE CORPORATION COURT OF LYNCHBURG, MARCH 4, 1907

May It Please Your Honor, and You Brethren of the Bar:

We are assembled under unusual circumstances of sorrow. Little did we realize, when two weeks ago we met in this court room to attend the obsequies of Mr. Davis,* that before the time appointed to do honor to his memory, still another of our number, and that one of the brightest and best beloved of all would be summoned from among us and that at this time we would be called upon to mourn, not only the aged brother, who had long since completed the allotted span of earthly existence, but the one who at that meeting called us to order, one still in the prime and vigor of a splendid intellectual manhood,—Lewis† the sparkling and vivacious, the debonair and true, whose cheerful companionship was the constant delight of his friends in times of gayety, and whose tender and sincerely sympathetic words on occasions like this could more fittingly express, perhaps than any other, the feelings of bereavement which fill our breasts when death has depleted our ranks; whose exquisite humor and flashing wit charmed every circle of which he was a member, but “Whose rapier though bright as the firefly’s light ne’er carried a heartstain away on its blade.”

In speaking of Mr. Davis let me say that although he was the oldest member of our bar, and distinctly an old fashioned lawyer, there were many elements of his mental and moral makeup which are worthy of present day emulation. He belonged to another generation, a period with which in many respects these latter days have little in common. When he came to the bar there were no such institutions as railroads or telephones or telegraphs or type-

* Died February 16, 1907.

† Mr. John H. Lewis.

writers, institutions which the modern lawyer finds as necessary for the carrying on of his business as the books upon his shelves, and without which we would deem it well nigh impossible to get along. Yet who shall say that we are the better lawyers for their possession? Who dare intimate that with all these accessories at our command we are any better equipped for the trial of causes and the administration of justice than were Speed and Mosby and Garland and Risque and Tribble and Bocock and the other great figures of that elder time when Mr. Davis was in the zenith of his powers? It is rather doubtful in my mind if with the multiplication of books and with the various latter day instrumentalities which are now considered practically essential, we are not poorer rather than richer in the real essentials of the lawyer, since with the accession of these aids to practice, there have departed to a large extent the leisure hours for study and thought, and the intimate personal and social intercourse, which resulted in a deeper grounding of the fundamental principles, and an interchange of ideas impossible to those who practice amid the pressure and complexities of modern life.

The modern lawyer has access to a far greater variety of adjudged cases than did his predecessor, but this too may operate to his disadvantage, for as was once said by Judge Burks, "Adjudged cases are only so many illustrations of the principles of jurisprudence. They (the principles) are the true *fontes*: they are the *leges legum*, the laws of the law. If decisions run counter to them, however solemnly made, they are erroneous, and therefore, seldom, if ever stand the test of time." Certain it is that in the higher qualities of the lawyer and advocate we occupy no vantage ground above the practitioners of the period when Mr. Davis and his contemporaries flourished, and we shall do well, if in this day of commercialism and strenuous living we keep close to the ideals and traditions of our honorable profession as he and they exemplified them, remembering that after all the changing of collateral accessories does not change principles, and that sound learning, the love of justice, the pursuit of truth, the vindication of right, and the chastity of honor are still the ends for which we strive, that they remain as important today as they have ever been, and should never, never be allowed to falter or to fall.

Of the sound and extensive learning of Mr. Davis, there can be no question. Of a naturally studious disposition, he entered with zeal into the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of his mind, and possessed as he was of a remarkably clear and retentive memory, the classical studies of his boyhood remained with him throughout life a constant source of mental refreshment and pleasure. Even in his declining years it was by no means infrequent that he would astonish his friends with long quotations from memory from classic Latin or English authors which showed at once his scholarship, his prodigious memory and his lively appreciation of the highest and noblest thoughts in literature. His learning in the law was equal to that in general literature. In youth he studied at the Harvard law school under Story and Greenleaf, of whom he was ever fond of relating anecdotes, and with his innate love of equity, his high sense of honor and unswerving devotion to truth, his knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence made him a wise counsellor who could be relied upon with confidence to guide his clients through the tangled maze of statutes and precedents into the clear fields of justice according to law.

Something greater than intellectual capacity, nobler than learning, however, was the chief attribute of Mr. Davis that gave him standing at the bar, and now calls forth the unanimous verdict of praise, not only from his professional brethren, but from all who knew him, and that was the Knighthood of a spotless integrity and a lofty character. After all, books and learning do not make the highest type of lawyer, just as "stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage," and it is character more than everything else, which makes the true lawyer as well as the true man in every walk of life. Mr. Davis possessed manly, upright, Christian character. Of none might it be more truly said than of him that he "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

In his declining years, after he retired from practice and the active work of life his small bowed figure was still a familiar sight on our streets and in the offices of his friends, and having out lived his contemporaries, he seemed pathetic in his loneliness, which sometimes no doubt oppressed him more than we realized. I remember that on one occasion he came into my office, and after some conversation on other subjects remarked of himself, "I am like a leaf

blown about by the wind. Bye and bye they curl up you know." The words cling in my memory, and as I recall them today under these circumstances of loss and sorrow seem like a fitting commentary upon the sadness and uncertainty of human existence. "Surely man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain." Let us not be too mournful, however, when we think of our departed friends. Though dead their influence lives; their voices though silent still speak to us of manhood and virtue, of kindness and courtesy, and "from the dust and ashes of the tomb there seems to come a voice to cheer, a light to guide all who are emulous of their bright example."

XIV.

MISS RUTH HAIRSTON EARLY

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF A TABLET TO HER MEMORY, SPRING HILL CEMETERY, LYNCHBURG, JUNE 23, 1929

It is eminently fitting and proper that on this thirty-third anniversary of its existence, the Old Dominion Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy should place and dedicate this tablet to its founder. In doing so it pays honor to one who was not only active in its work and in the promotion of its principles, but one who also exemplified the finest traditions of Southern womanhood, and who spent her life in brave and unselfish service to her community and her State.

As a niece of that distinguished Confederate General, Jubal A. Early, whose valor and military genius adorned the cause for which he fought, and among whose greatest exploits was the defeat and utter rout of the vandal Hunter when he undertook to capture and destroy our fair City of Lynchburg, and whom he drove ignominiously to the banks of the Ohio River, she might have quietly rested content in the reflected glory of his great fame; but such was not the stuff of which she was made. In her own right, and by the exercise of her own great talents and energy, she won distinction for herself and added lustre to her family name. Sprung from aristocratic Southern lineage, RUTH HAIRSTON EARLY, the third Ruth and the second Ruth Hairston of the family of Early, was the third child of Captain Samuel Henry Early, and Henrienne Cabell, his wife, and was born in Charleston, Virginia (now West Virginia) November 5, 1849. Most of her life was spent in Lynchburg and Campbell County, and to this section and community she devoted her endeavors in public spirited and untiring zeal towards its upbuilding and welfare.

The preservation of its history was her most absorbing interest, and to no one are we more indebted than to her for faithful research and accurate recordation of its notable events. As a writer

of historical articles and books she brought to light and set down in permanent form much of the traditional and family lore of this region which might otherwise have been lost. Many valuable records and historical incidents have been preserved through her efforts, and in the field of genealogy especially her work has been fruitful and interesting. She was the author of five books which are now treasured and referred to by historians, biographers and genealogists the country over. Those books are "The Heritage of the South,"* "By Ways of Virginia History," "The Early Family," "General Jubal A. Early," and her last elaborate and exhaustive volume, "Campbell County Chronicles," in the compilation of which her health suffered serious impairment and brought about a condition from which she never rallied and which resulted in her death soon after its publication. In spite of minor inaccuracies, such as are inevitable in a work of this character, this book is of inestimable value in its thorough and painstaking review of the principal historic data of Lynchburg and Campbell County, and will always remain as an important source of information to those who in the future shall desire to know the story of this community and its people.

As a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, she rendered service of incalculable value to its cause. Through her efforts the Old Dominion Chapter was formed and organized, and to her indefatigable efforts it owes many of the worthy accomplishments it has achieved. For six terms she held the office of its President, and up to her death was active in all of its affairs. She was prominent also in the State and National organizations, and held office in the Virginia Division as Honorary President, Vice-President, Corresponding Secretary and Historian. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that she was loved and honored, not only by her fellow-members of this useful and patriotic organization, but by the Confederate Veterans and all who love the memory of the Confederacy, and that she was always a central and distinguished figure at the Annual Reunions, which she often attended, and where she would always be surrounded by admirers and friends.

*Printed on Confederate Gray paper and bound in gray cloth, now out of print.

When she died, the flags of Lynchburg were placed at half-mast, the first, and so far, the only instance, in which this honor has been accorded to a woman.

Always interested in the preservation of historical landmarks, it was largely through her efforts that the old fort on "Salem Turnpike"—was rescued from its tangled undergrowth and weeds, and made the creditable show place it now is, and it was she who erected the Early monument on Fort Hill. She was active also in the Colonial Dames and Daughters of the American Revolution, and served them in official capacities. Her home was attractive in its liberal hospitality, and she was a notable and outstanding figure in the life of our city. Faithful to all that was best in Virginia traditions, kindly and benevolent in nature and of exalted purity of character, she leaves behind the memory of a life well spent and an example worthy of all emulation.

HISTORY OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

HISTORICAL ADDRESS AT THE CENTENARY OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NOVEMBER 12, 1922

Reverend Rector and Fellow Episcopalians of Lynchburg:

At the dedication services of the first building erected for this church, on Thursday, May 18, 1826, Bishop Richard Channing Moore preached from the text found in the 20th Chapter of Exodus at the twenty-fourth verse: "*An altar of earth shalt thou make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt offerings, and thy peace offerings, thy sheep and thine oxen: in all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.*"

This promise of God, made unto His people through Moses, His servant, has received abundant fulfillment in the history of this Church of Saint Paul in Lynchburg. Through an eventful hundred years, in this place and among this congregation, has God recorded His name and come unto them and blessed them. From a little gathering, which numbered only seven communicants, they have increased to a congregation of more than six hundred communicants, and a Sunday School of more than three hundred and fifty pupils. From a homeless little flock, dependent upon the hospitality of others for a meeting place, they have become the possessors of the most beautiful and best equipped Church plant in the South, with an edifice comparable in architectural beauty and dignity with the most splendid temples of worship in the land. As children of the mother church, there are also two other large and growing parishes in Lynchburg, as well as a number of chapels in the City and community, including one for the colored people, and a large and flourishing industrial school for girls, all of which testify that, like the church at Ephesus, this church "has borne, and has had patience and for His name's sake has labored, and has not fainted."

The growth of the church in Lynchburg has kept pace and been coequal with the growth of the church in America. So that now, when we look upon the splendid achievements which a century has

witnessed here, we have also the satisfaction of knowing that throughout our country there have been similar achievements, and similar growth, until it is a recognized fact that the Protestant Episcopal is the fourth largest Protestant denomination in the United States, with a membership embracing all classes of our people, numbering among them far more than its proportion of the wealth, the culture, the leadership of the Nation. And, what is most gratifying to believe, it is the most liberal church in its giving, per capita, of them all, and is growing now faster than any other.

Such, however, was not always the case. When the church was organized here in 1822, the American Episcopal Church was weak both numerically and spiritually. Up to that time the principal strength of our church lay in Virginia and Maryland, and even in those two dioceses it was pitifully weak. In the Northern States the church was too small to be considered a factor in the religious life of the Nation. The West was as yet a wilderness, and in the South, save in the Carolinas, the Episcopal Church had secured no foothold. These conditions were necessarily consequent upon the Revolution. The colonial church had had no resident bishops, and "The Church of England in America," as it was called, had been served mostly by English clergy, and these were not always men of the highest type. There were baptisms, but no confirmations, and the ministers, including even those few who were of American nativity, were all ordained in England. Consequently, many of the clergy were Tories, out of sympathy with the principles of the Revolution, and this naturally added nothing to the popularity of the church among the people generally, although for the most part our laymen were patriots, and two-thirds of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Episcopalians. Jefferson himself was a student at William and Mary, an institution founded as a church college, as was also John Marshall, the "great Chief Justice." Richard Henry Lee, who moved the adoption of the Declaration, was a churchman, as were also Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, George Mason, Patrick Henry, Robert Morris, John Jay, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington. The Continental Congress was opened with prayer by an Episcopal rector, and John Adams said, "I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced." In Virginia the church had been formally estab-

lished by the House of Burgesses, but this connection with the English State was the source of its greatest misfortunes. By the pen of Jefferson was written the act of separation between Church and State, the Virginia Statute for religious freedom, an act justly considered among his noblest achievements for human liberty, and by his own wish inscribed upon his tomb as one of his three greatest accomplishments. Then followed the process of disestablishment, and the glebe lands of the church were taken away, many churches were destroyed, their communion plate disappeared, and their fonts were used for watering troughs.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of our clergymen were Tories, at the time of the Revolution, there were many who were not, and in a Virginia case, involving glebe lands, decided by the Court of Appeals in 1804, Judge Tucker, who wrote the prevailing opinion, said: "At the commencement of our happy revolution that reverend body of men who filled the pulpits in this country, far from inculcating the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance to the invaders of the rights of their country, were zealous in her cause, and not only by precept and exhortation, but even by example in numerous instances demonstrated that no selfish considerations of the possible consequences of a change of government, could influence them to swerve from that noble attachment to the liberties of their country which communicated zeal and energy to others. And if ever men in their station deserved the esteem of their country, that meed was due to the established church in Virginia at that period." *Turpin, &c., v. Lockett, &c., 6 Call. 129.* In that case it was held that the State had the right to sell the glebe lands for public purposes, but the Court was equally divided in opinion, and the case went against the church because where the Court of Appeals is equally divided the decision of the lower Court prevails. It is to be noted that the case would have been decided the other way and the glebes held to be the property of the Protestant Episcopal Church, had it not been for the death of the President of the Court, Edmund Pendleton, who had written the majority opinion of the Court, but died the night before it was to have been delivered. Later on, however, Bishop Meade, and other leaders, considered it a great blessing that the glebe lands and

State salaries were taken away, and the church placed upon its own resources.

With property gone and congregations dispersed, to such straits was the church in Virginia reduced, that at the beginning of the nineteenth century John Marshall, although himself a faithful churchman, thought it too far gone ever to be revived. But religious apathy was not the lot of the Episcopalians alone. It was an age of unbelief generally. The "great awakening," under the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield, had subsided into deeper somnolence than prevailed before. There were but few candidates for the ministry, the Methodists were losing ground steadily, and the Presbyterian General Assembly placed on record its dismay at "a visible and prevailing impiety and contempt for the laws and institutions of religion." The thunders of the "great awakening" had died away, but in the main its effects were helpful to the church, which although reduced in numbers, in wealth, and in influence, maintained throughout these troubled years its loyalty to the faith of its fathers, its use of the prayer-book and traditional forms of worship, and stood out in the darkness as a

"Light unshaken of the winds of time,"

that was eventually to guide the way to safety. As has been well said, "The quiet maintenance of liturgical worship, the self-restraint, the emphasis on conduct, the reliance of the Church on Christian nurture rather than on sudden conversion, commended our ways to many sober and thoughtful persons, who sought refuge in our sanctuaries from the thunder and lightning of the revival preachers."

And now began the dawn of the new day. The war of 1812 did much to end the prejudice against and unpopularity of the Church arising out of the Revolution. In the new strife with England, churchmen and non-churchmen fought side by side, going into battle singing a new national anthem written by a loyal son of the Church, Francis Scott Key, of Maryland—"The Star Spangled Banner"!

In the opportunity thus made, new men came forward to meet the new conditions. In Virginia and North Carolina God raised

up Richard Channing Moore and John Stark Ravenscroft* to become Bishops, and to take the lead in reviving the Church in the South. These men "found weak and discouraged dioceses and left them strong and full of faith and expectation." Ravenscroft when he was made Bishop of North Carolina found four churches in his diocese, and left twenty-seven; Moore found five clergymen in Virginia, and left one hundred. Among the places visited and ministered to by these two great pioneers of the Church was Lynchburg. Up to this time the main strength of the Virginia Church was in the Eastern part of the State. These truly missionary Bishops now took upon themselves the task of building up the waste places. When they came to Lynchburg there was no church in which they could hold services, and their services were usually held in Masons' Hall, a frame building which stood where the Marshall Lodge of Masons still have a building, on the corner of what we now call Church and Ninth Streets, then called Third and Water Streets. This wooden building was in later years removed to Fifth Street, between Church and Main, and for a long time was occupied as a home by the late Colonel August Forsberg and his family. It has recently been torn down and demolished.

The organized existence of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Lynchburg dates from September 14, 1822, when a meeting for organization purposes was held in the old Franklin Hotel, after-

*Until the year 1819, Episcopacy was quite unknown in Lynchburg. About that time or earlier, Bishop Ravenscroft visited Lynchburg, preaching in the old Methodist Church. Robed in gown and bands, and walking up the aisle of the church, his appearance excited the wonder and astonishment of the good people of the town, particularly that of the small boys, who verily believed the Bishop to have been an elderly lady in a black morning wrapper.

Notice having been given that this worthy prelate would discourse at the old Methodist Church, those who were interested immediately set about to procure a few persons to respond to the morning service. The Carter and Tucker families, and the ladies of the Byrd family, all possessed prayer-books, and knew how to go through the services; but, for the credit of the town, it was deemed absolutely necessary to have at least one male voice in the responses. Accordingly they procured the services of one Meredy, an Englishman, who had a large red prayer-book. He stood in front of the gallery, holding his prayer-book very conspicuously, responding loudly, and surveying the congregation with an air of superiority, mingled with compassion for their ignorance.

—From "Sketches and Recollections of Lynchburg, by the
Oldest Inhabitant."

wards called the Norvell House, which stood at the corner of Eleventh and Main Streets (formerly Second Street and Sixth Alley) where Guggenheimer's store now is. But before that occasional services of the Church were held by visiting ministers, among them Bishops Moore and Ravenscroft, and it is evident from the fact that these services were well attended, that there were a goodly number of Episcopalians in the town and community. It is a fact, moreover, that the first church building, of any denomination, ever erected within the bounds of what is now the City of Lynchburg, was that of the Church of England, built in 1765, and which was a frame building, one story high, and stood in a grove where the corner of Tenth and Court Streets now is. Who built this church or who ministered or worshipped there I do not know,* except that it is said that it contained two special pews, one of which was occupied by Judge Edmund Winston, and the other by Major Samuel Scott. While the historian does not so record, it is possible that this property, along with other which had belonged to the

* Mr. C. S. Hutter, long a member and vestryman of St. Paul's Church, and now a vestryman of Grace Church, says that tradition in his family has it that the Church of England in Bedford and the surrounding country was served by Rev. Charles Clay, or "Parson Clay," as he was familiarly known, who must have been a man of considerable force and ability. He used to travel on horseback, and held services for the main part at private houses, but it is a fair conjecture that he most probably had charge of the Church referred to. Prayer-books being scarce, he carried a leather bag containing cards, which were printed on both sides with an abbreviated form of the service, and these would be distributed among the people to enable them to make the responses. As they were mostly unfamiliar with the service, and therefore timid about the responses, he usually had with him a companion, or clerk (pronounced clark), who would lead in making the responses in a loud tone of voice. After the disestablishment of the Church, Parson Clay refused to preach, because it was part of his belief that his salary should be paid by the State, and that he should not have to depend upon his parishioners. He was a great friend of Thomas Jefferson, who held him in high esteem, and spent much of his time at Jefferson's residence, Poplar Forest, near New London, and a considerable number of letters written by Jefferson to Parson Clay are preserved. In one of them he speaks of a pair of spectacles he gave to the Parson, together with "a complete set of glasses from youth to old age." In this letter Mr. Jefferson discourses at some length on his views of religion, of which he says: "I have probably said more to you than to any other person." In another letter to Parson Clay he spoke of having calculated the exact latitude of Poplar Forest, and gave it as 37 degrees, 22 minutes and 26 seconds. Poplar Forest is now owned and used as a summer residence by Mr. Hutter.

Church, was forfeited to the State, and, in 1802, when it burnt down, we find that it was being used as a school. In Christian's History of Lynchburg he tells us that in the grove which surrounded this church there was a graveyard, from which most of the remains were removed to the Methodist Cemetery. But some were not, and when the foundation of one of the present houses was being dug, there was unearthed the skeleton of a man who in life must have been seven feet tall. It is said that as a result of this finding the wife of a prominent citizen refused to live in the house he had erected, and he sold the property to some one whose wife was not so fearful that the ghost of this giant might return to "revisit the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous."

The meeting of September 14, 1822, was opened with prayer by the Reverend C. H. Page. Captain Robert L. Coleman was elected Chairman, and the Reverend Nicholas Hamner Cobbs was made Secretary. Here let me make special mention of Dr. Cobbs, for he was in a true sense the founder of this church as he was the father of Episcopalianism in all this section of Virginia. He was born in 1795 on his father's plantation, "Rose Hill," near Goode's, in Bedford County, within sight of the Peaks of Otter, and he used frequently to say that he was a better man for having been born in sight of those peaks. It is noteworthy that five years later James Hervey Otey was born in Bedford, still nearer to the Peaks. He subsequently became the first Bishop of Tennessee, as Cobbs became the first Bishop of Alabama. He is described as a "gaunt, raw-boned, six-foot-three son of a Virginia farmer and grandson of a Revolutionary soldier." He and Cobbs were lifelong friends, "true yoke-fellows in the work of the Lord," and they were among the foremost of those heroes of the Cross who laid firm and strong the foundations of this "Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States" of which we are now so proud. Among other churches established by Bishop Cobbs, during his ministry around here, were Trinity, near Boonsboro, and St. Stephen's, a short distance from Forest, buildings which are still used for worship, and St. John's at Liberty, now Bedford City. At the time when Bishop Cobbs was born there was not a single church, nor even a chapel, of our denomination in all this part of Virginia, not, in fact, in any county of what is now the Diocese of Southwestern Virginia, and

as an infant he was carried by his mother, on horseback, sixty miles to Charlottesville, in order to be baptized.

At that little organization meeting, a hundred years ago, the Hon. St. George Tucker (then a member of Congress and afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Virginia), Chiswell Dabney, James Bullock, Dr. Howell Davies, Henry Morris, and Elijah Fletcher* were appointed a committee for the work in Lynchburg and at once went to work to raise money for the support of a minister. In addition to the committee already named, a vestry for the whole work in Lynchburg, New London, and Bedford was elected, consisting of that committee and Col. Gerard Alexander, William Radford, and Seth Ward, from New London, and Patrick P. Burton, Nathaniel I. Manson, and Nicholas H. Cobbs, from Bedford. Mr. Cobbs, although a devout and consecrated Christian, had not then been ordained a minister or even confirmed. He was both confirmed and ordained a deacon on the same day, by Bishop Moore in Trinity Church, Staunton, in 1824.

The organization meeting was preceded by services conducted according to Episcopal usage in the Presbyterian Church, then at the lower end of Main Street, by a Rev. Mr. Prout, of Washington, who preached there on the eighth of September, 1822, and the Sunday succeeding. At that organization meeting an annual subscription of \$234.00 was raised "for the support of an Episcopal minister." There were twenty-eight subscribers, the largest contribution being made by Elijah Fletcher. The committee for Lynchburg secured as a minister the Reverend Amos Tredway, who preached in Masons' Hall the rest of the year 1822, all of 1823, and part of 1824. He was greatly assisted by Mr. Cobbs, who, although residing in Bedford, and not yet ordained, nevertheless took a peculiar interest in the Lynchburg parish, where he was much beloved.

In September, 1824, Rev. Franklin G. Smith, a native of New England, who had opened a school in the Masonic Hall, assumed charge of the little congregation. He preached his first sermon in

* Father of Mrs. Indiana Fletcher Williams, the founder of Sweet Briar College.

his schoolroom on Sunday, September fifth, and thereafter for nearly two years continued to conduct his services there. At Christmas of that year he administered the Holy Communion, this being the first time the rite was ever performed in Lynchburg according to the form of the American Episcopal Church. There were only seven communicants, namely, Mrs. George Cabell, Mrs. Ann Byrd, Colonel and Mrs. Gerard Alexander, Major William Warwick, Miss Otway Ann Carter, and Mrs. George Tucker. For some time Mr. Smith labored under discouraging circumstances, and without any salary, but his efforts soon bore substantial fruit. In January, 1825, a subscription was started for the erection of a church building to be known as "St. Paul's Church." It soon amounted to \$2,804.00, of which \$300.00 was given by Mrs. Cabell,* who also gave the lot at the south corner of Church and Seventh Streets, on which the church was built. Other large subscribers were Rev. John Early, afterwards a distinguished Bishop of the Methodist Church, Elijah Fletcher, Chiswell Dabney, Thomas T. Bouldin, David Kyle, and Marshall Lodge No. 39 of Masons. In a little sketch written by the late Captain Charles M. Blackford, largely from the diary of his father, Mr. William M. Blackford, who like himself was long a vestryman and warden of St. Paul's, he says: "No two men contributed as actively to the gathering of an Episcopal congregation in this town, or to the building of a church in which it could worship, as Chiswell Dabney and Elijah Fletcher." The cornerstone of the church was laid during that year, and so zealous were the efforts to complete it that it was ready for the Convention of the Diocese to be held in it, beginning Thursday, May 18, 1826. Among the donations to the building fund, which made possible its early completion and equipment, was one of \$500.00 made by the "Thespian Society," which gave a series of plays for the purpose of raising the money.

When the Convention met, it being the first Episcopal Convention ever held in Virginia above Tidewater, it was a great event in the religious history of Lynchburg. The people, being unused to the rites of our Church, came from everywhere to attend the services, and the hospitality of the town was taxed to its utmost, the private

* She was Sarah Winston, daughter of Judge Edmund Winston.

houses of the citizens, as well as the hotels and taverns being filled to overflowing. On the first day of the Convention the building was consecrated by Bishop Moore, who preached the sermon and confirmed thirty-one persons in the presence of a large congregation, among whom were thirty-seven visiting ministers, one of them being Rev. William H. Wilmer, of St. Paul's Church, Alexandria, who also preached during the Convention. It is said that this church building, though small, was tasteful and very picturesque, standing on a high plateau, surrounded by beautiful shade trees, and reached from Church Street by twelve or eighteen stone steps. In the steeple was a clock, which, when, twenty years or so later, this church building was taken down, was thrown out on the hillside, and left exposed to the elements for several years, and then in 1855, when the present Court House was built, was gathered up again, and placed in the facade of that building, where we still see it as the town clock, having faithfully, and for the most part accurately, marked the passage of time for the people of Lynchburg, during nearly three score years and ten.

The first funeral held in St. Paul's Church was that of Mrs. George Cabell, who had given the lot. She died early in the spring, but the funeral, according to the custom of that day, was postponed for some time, and was held on the last Sunday evening of the Convention. Rev. Mr. Smith officiated, and a terrific thunderstorm came on during the sermon, which greatly alarmed the congregation. Mr. Smith was so overcome by his grief while speaking of the excellent lady who had done so much for his church, and whom he looked upon almost as a mother, that he descended from the pulpit, unable to continue his sermon, and the congregation, though awed by the tempest, was in full sympathy with his feelings.

In August, 1826, a Sunday School was organized, with Seth Ward as President, and has grown and prospered ever since. Mr. Ward lived at New London, but he was a devout Christian and devoted churchman, who did much in the establishing of the Church in Lynchburg, as well as in Bedford County.

In November of that year a pipe organ was installed in the church at the cost of over one thousand dollars. It was the first one ever heard in this community, and a division of sentiment, amounting to dissension, was aroused over this innovation. Mr. Smith

preached a sermon upholding its use, and although the agitation brought many to church to hear the "new machine," many others absented themselves, believing its use to be a sin, and it was some time before the breach was healed.

Mr. Smith filled the pastorate most acceptably until December, 1837, when he resigned to engage in educational work. His departure was greatly regretted as he was a finished scholar and eloquent preacher, as well as a man of earnest and consecrated Christian character. In her "Sketches and Recollections of Lynchburg," published in 1858, and justly regarded as one of Lynchburg's chief literary treasures, Mrs. Margaret Cabell speaks of him as "a man of great worth and purity of character, exercising at all times that charity which beareth all things, and is not easily provoked."

He was succeeded as rector by Rev. Thomas Atkinson, who came here from Norfolk early in 1838, and continued the work with much success until in 1843 he left to take charge of a church in Baltimore. Dr. Atkinson was one of the ablest and most beloved ministers that ever held this parish. In 1853 he was made Bishop of North Carolina, and occupied that post of honor for many years. During his stay in Lynchburg, Bishop Moore died at his house on the fifteenth of November, 1841, being then eighty years old, and having truly been a mighty worker for God and His Church in his day and generation. Bishop Atkinson was a worthy member of a fine old Virginia family, and became a great leader of the Southern Church, conservative and able. When the war came on he took the view that the secession of the States did not *ipso facto* separate the Southern Dioceses from the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, holding that a State "could not by any direct attempt thus deprive the Church of its rights." A different view prevailed, however, and the "Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States of America" was formed, with the same doctrines, the same prayer-book, with the consequential changes of names, the same form of government as the old church, but it was never recognized in the North, the names of the Southern Dioceses were kept on the rolls of the parent organization, and when the war was over they were received back as if they had never been absent. A letter from Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, the presiding Bishop,

was addressed to each of the Southern Bishops under date of July 12, 1865, and assured them all of a cordial welcome to the General Convention, appropriately held that year in Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly Love." The promise was abundantly made good, and under the leadership of Bishop Atkinson the Southern Bishops returned to the open arms of the mother church.

In the summer of 1843, the Rev. William H. Kinckle, who had previously been in charge of a church in Cumberland County, was called to succeed Dr. Atkinson, and served his congregation with rare ability and faithfulness until his death, on the second of March, 1867, in the forty-ninth year of his age. Says Captain Blackford: "No man ever lived in this community who was more respected and beloved, and death never robbed it of one so universally mourned." A tablet to his memory was placed on the wall of the old church, and is now in the Sunday School room of this building. It bears the inscription, "A faithful soldier of the Cross, he wears the crown." During Mr. Kinckle's tenure of the rectorship a new church building was erected on the site of the first one. The cornerstone was laid June 11, 1850, and the first services were held in the new church on Easter Sunday, 1851. The architect of this building was W. S. Ellison, who also designed the Court House, and both of these buildings showed him to be a man of talent and cultivation, as the church was an excellent example, in a small way, of the Gothic type of architecture, and the Court House is an unusually fine specimen of the Græco-Roman style. A portion of the old church is still standing, but has now been converted into an apartment house, which is owned by a member of St. Paul's vestry. In its tower there was a bell of wonderfully sweet tone and power, which has now been transferred to the Randolph-Macon Woman's College. During the Civil War, in 1862, the vestry passed a resolution that "the wardens be authorized to tender the bell of St. Paul's Church to the Confederate Government whenever it may be deemed necessary by the authorities at Richmond."

Under the leadership of Dr. Kinckle the church continued to grow and prosper, but it was much hampered by the question of finances, and repeated references are found in the vestry minutes to increasing the pew rents, taking steps to enforce collection of delinquent rents, requesting the ladies of the congregation to hold

fairs, and other methods of raising money. In September, 1856, the rector was requested to "preach a sermon on the indebtedness of the church, and make a special appeal to the liberality of the congregation." At the vestry meeting of January 6, 1858, the rector announced that "in a spirit of noble munificence, Mrs. Rosannah E. Claytor had paid the debt of the church," and a suitable resolution of thanks for her liberality was passed. Thus, for a time, the church was rid of "the devil's salary," as a church debt has been called. After the death of this good woman a beautiful stained glass window was placed in the church as a tribute to her memory. This window has been carefully preserved by the present owner of the building, and it is to be hoped that at some time a fitting place connected with the church may be found where it can serve the ornamental, useful, and memorial purposes for which it was designed.

Of the history of this church during the great war that divided our beloved country in twain and bathed its soil with the blood of thousands of the best and brightest of its sons, time fails me to make fitting mention. Suffice it to say that the men and women of this congregation gave of their best in every way to the Confederate cause, and many of its sons shed their blood and yielded up their lives on the fields of battle. Among these was the gallant General Samuel Garland, Jr., who was killed at South Mountain, near Boonesborough, Maryland, September 14, 1862, and who for several years was a member of the vestry. General D. H. Hill spoke of him as "a pure, gallant, and accomplished Christian soldier who had no superior, and few equals in the service."

On the twenty-eighth of January, 1859, at the request of Mr. Kinckle, a meeting of those members of St. Paul's who lived on Diamond Hill was held at the residence of Captain Blackford to take the initial steps towards building a church in that part of the town, and committees were appointed to further the plan. Mr. Kinckle applied all his energy to the work, and in 1860 a lot was purchased and the church built. It was not, however, completed when the war stopped all such work. During the war it was used as a hospital, and when peace returned it was almost in ruins. Through Mr. Kinckle's efforts it was restored, and on Easter Day, 1866, it was opened for worship, and thereafter until his death,

in 1867, Mr. Kinckle conducted services there every Sunday evening. In his report to the Diocesan Convention in 1866, Mr. Kinckle said: "With God's blessing we hope this promising offshoot from the parent church of St. Paul may before long develop into a full grown parish of its own, with vestry and pastor. The field around it is wide. It needs only to be faithfully worked to yield an abundant harvest." This aspiration of its founder, in honor of whom it was called Grace Memorial Church, has received abundant fulfillment. In 1867 it was placed in charge of the Rev. James Grammer, and soon thereafter became a separate congregation. Since then it has grown and flourished, and the first building has been succeeded by a handsome new one. Among its rectors was the late Rev. John J. Lloyd, who was universally esteemed and beloved.

Following the death of Mr. Kinckle, the Rev. Henderson Suter, D. D., was called to this church, on June 1, 1867, and he assumed charge on the first day of July, that year. He was a man of fine cultivation and deep piety, and under his administration the church continued its upward and onward career until he resigned on October 1, 1869, to go to Christ Church in Alexandria, where he served for many years with success and distinction.

On January 1, 1870, there came to St. Paul's, as rector, a man than whose name that of no man is held by this people in deeper reverence or more abiding affection—Rev. Theodore M. Carson. It is doubtful if in the history of Lynchburg any pastorate ever existed for a longer continuous period than did that of St. Paul's Church under Dr. Carson. For nearly a third of a century this godly man preached and labored among the people of this parish, endearing himself to all who came within the sphere of his holy influence, and "throughout all this tract of years wearing the white flower of a blameless life." Dr. Carson was a man of very distinguished presence, with a deep, well-trained voice, and never have the services of the church been more impressively read than by him. His sermons were clothed in scholarly diction, and delivered with a dignity of bearing and a benignity of expression which will never be forgotten by those who heard him. It was under his ministry that the congregation again found that it had outgrown its

quarters and erected the present beautiful and commodious structure, second to none in the State, and one of the handsomest specimens of Romanesque architecture in the country. It is built entirely of grey granite, trimmed with brownstone, and its classic lines and proportions, its lovely windows and interior decorations mark it as a real gem of ecclesiastical art and architecture. The first service in the new church was held on the Sunday before Christmas, 1895, being conducted by Dr. Carson, with the assistance of the Rev. T. H. Lacy, D. D. Those who were present will never forget the impression made by the beautiful and eloquent sermon delivered by Dr. Carson, who, in the joy of seeing the fruition of his long cherished hopes, surpassed himself in the chaste elegance of his thought and language, and the superb character of his delivery. At this service a vested choir was for the first time introduced, and, like the first use of the organ, it excited both favorable and adverse comment, but it has long since been accepted by all as an improvement that adds much to the impressiveness of the services.

In 1877, under Mr. Carson's leadership, a church was built in the neighborhood of Miller Park, and named Epiphany. In 1881, Rev. Edward S. Gregory, the "poet priest of Lynchburg," was placed in charge of this church and labored there most devotedly and successfully for a few years until his death. Since then it has languished, in spite of repeated attempts to revive it, but many hope that it may yet become a worthy monument to the devout and saintly man who gave to it the best efforts of his gifted mind and consecrated heart.

Dr. Carson died while rector of St. Paul's, on the twenty-third day of September, 1902, in his sixty-ninth year, after a continuous and fruitful ministry to this people during a period of almost thirty-three years. A most fitting and lofty tribute to his memory was written by Captain Blackford, then Senior Warden, and who followed him to the grave in less than six months, and spread upon the minutes of the vestry by unanimous vote. In it Captain Blackford said: "As long as health and strength were spared him, he discharged his many and arduous duties with a zeal and fidelity,

and an industry which won our love and deserved our admiration, for surely was he

“ ‘In his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept; he prayed and felt for all!’

“He stood high in the councils of the Church, and was dean of the Convocation of Southwestern Virginia. His sermons were models of ecclesiastical eloquence, but to us he was endeared by his ready sympathy, his pastoral care and his steady friendship. We admired his virtues, and loved the purity of his gentle soul. He taught us while living, by precept and example, how to be a Christian gentleman, and on his death bed, as with the last stroke of his vital energy, he raised his feeble hand in prayer, he taught us how to die, in his whispered aspiration, ‘Thy will be done’.”

As he lay in state, clad in his surplice and embowered in flowers, within this chancel where he so often performed the funeral rite for others, although he was dead, yet such was the majesty of his appearance, that it seemed that he was but asleep, and that, in truth, “death had no more dominion over him.” In this pulpit, dedicated to his memory, none can ever come more deserving than he of the Master’s meed of praise, “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

A few months before Dr. Carson’s death, owing to his enfeebled health, an assistant had been called to aid him in the work of the parish, and in Rev. James M. Owens, a young man of deep earnestness and spirituality, a most acceptable helper had been found. When Dr. Carson died, Mr. Owens was at once made rector, and carried on the work ably and successfully until he accepted another call in the early part of 1907. The church debt of \$16,000 was paid while Mr. Owens was rector.

In June of 1907, Rev. William A. Barr, D. D., who had already won great distinction in other parishes, began his pastorate here, which lasted only for a little over two years. He resigned October 31, 1909, and went to a larger field of work in New Orleans, where he has most successfully preached and ministered. Dr. Barr is well remembered here as a most scholarly and eloquent preacher, who greatly endeared himself to the people of this church and community. After he left, the pulpit was vacant for several

months except for the services conducted by visiting ministers, and others who acted in the capacity of temporary supply.

In April, 1910, Dr. Joseph B. Dunn, formerly of Suffolk, Virginia, came to St. Paul's as rector and served as such for ten years, his resignation taking effect April 1, 1920, on account of the condition of his health, which the people of this church are now happy to learn has been restored. Dr. Dunn is well known as one of the ablest ministers in the South, a man of learning and true piety, whose zeal for the Master's Kingdom caused him to overtax his physical strength, but whose spiritual energies have never for an instant flagged, and whose influence for good in this community still rests upon it as a benediction. The decade of his ministry here was marked by constant progress. In the early years of that period were begun the efforts to establish a church in Rivermont, efforts which Dr. Dunn fostered and encouraged to the utmost, although he knew, as he said, that it meant the sacrifice on the part of this congregation of much of its very life's blood, in the loss of members and of means to build up the new parish. His faith was fully justified in the successful establishment of St. John's Church, while both St. Paul's and Grace have continued to grow and prosper in even greater measure than before the new venture was started, thus proving that a growing church is one that reaches out beyond its own borders to enlarge and broaden the work of the Kingdom as a whole.

The present splendid parish house is another enterprise that was brought to successful completion under the rectorship of Dr. Dunn. It was opened for occupancy on March 4, 1912, and has since been a magnificent addition to the church's instrumentalities for efficient service. What a joy and pleasure it is to us all to see the familiar faces and hear the familiar voices of Dr. Dunn and Dr. Barr and Dr. Lacy with us in these services here today.

It was while Dr. Dunn was rector that the Great War was begun and ended. Who can forget how that, when the news came that Sunday morning in August, 1914, that Belgium had been invaded, he mounted this pulpit with anxiety manifest in his countenance and demeanor, and, with almost prophetic instinct, expressed his apprehension of the woe it might mean to the world? How little did any of us then dream of the tragic and awful

results that were really to follow! It must always be a source of just pride to this church that in the great struggle that finally brought America into it, her sons and daughters rallied royally and loyally to their country's flag, and that five of her brave boys laid down their lives that freedom might live. The names of these five heroes are inscribed on a bronze tablet in the front vestibule of the church. The tablet was unveiled May 15, 1921.

Following Dr. Dunn at St. Paul's came our present rector, Rev. J. M. Robeson, who began his work here April 2, 1920, and who has already, in a little over two years, proved himself worthy of his predecessors, and established himself firmly in the love and confidence of his congregation as a man of force and character, and a minister of ability, fidelity, and consecration. His intense zeal, earnest enthusiasm, and indefatigable energy have proved themselves in the fact that the church and all its subsidiary organizations and enterprises are in active and harmonious coöperation and in flourishing condition. The membership and Sunday School have both increased in numbers, and there is excellent attendance on the services. The great event of his administration so far was the payment in full of the old church debt of \$14,000, which had been hanging over us for several years, and which was entirely wiped out at the time of the first Nation-wide Campaign, in which this church and this diocese both "went over the top" with flying colors.

We come now to the close of this brief sketch of the history of this church. Of course, within the necessary limits of an occasion like this, it has been possible only to touch upon the principal events, and even these have been inadequately treated. There has been no opportunity to comment, as I would gladly have done, upon some of the laity, both men and women, who have labored valiantly along with their leaders, the pastors, in upbuilding and extending the work of the Church. For many of these it may truly be said, "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Many others are with us here today, rejoicing in what has already been done and standing with willing hearts and ready hands to "carry on."

Let me add a word about our church music. From the beginning it has been of high quality. Says Mrs. Cabell in one of her

“Sketches,” speaking of our first rector, Mr. Smith, “He caused great improvement to be made in church music, and the chants were, under his instruction, beautifully sung.” This tradition has been lived up to. In the old church, “down under the hill,” there was usually a quartette of selected voices and a larger choir as a background. The choir occupied a gallery in the rear of the congregation, where the organ was laboriously pumped by the hands of the sexton. Many here today will agree with me that they have rarely heard sweeter or more inspiring music than came from that organ with Prof. Will Adams at the keys, and with Miss Stella Ferris, Miss Lucy Taylor, Mr. D. T. Walker, and Dr. Otway Owen as the quartette. When we came into this church we were fortunate in securing the services, as choir master, of Prof. Hartley Turner, an Englishman, thoroughly trained in music and in churchly practice. He laid the groundwork of the present chorus choir, in a manner that has enabled his successors to maintain it at the high standard it exhibits today, when it ranks second to no choir in the State.

The great historian, Gibbon, bitterly said that history is “little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.” Such a conception is but partly true, for although the story of the past is full of failures and of sins, it is also illumined here and there with the sacrifices and noble endeavors of heroic lives that give us the right to believe that the destiny of mankind is betterment. If this be true of the world, it is true also of the church, and it is true of this church of whose past I have tried to give some outline here today. It was said by one of old, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that “history is philosophy teaching by examples,” and Carlyle expressed much the same thought when he called it “the essence of innumerable biographies.” From the brief glimpses we have been able to catch of the lives of the leaders who founded and nurtured this church, we ought, it seems to me, take heart of hope, and gird up our loins for the future, with high resolve that as we reap where they sowed, our successors shall likewise harvest rich increase from our planting and our toil, striving, under God, to measure up to our opportunities and responsibilities in the spirit of the “Psalm of Life”—

“New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.”

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“God to the human soul
And all the spheres that roll,
Wrapped by His spirit in their robes of light,
Hath said, ‘The primal plan
Of all the world and man
Is Forward! Progress is your law, your right!’ ”

XVI.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

ADDRESS AT UNVEILING OF TABLET TO "OUR SOLDIER DEAD" AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, LYNCHBURG, MAY 15, 1921

*Reverend Rector, Veterans, War Workers, Friends, and Fellow
Members of Saint Paul's Congregation:*

From time immemorial it has been a custom of the Christian Church to honor the heroic dead by means of tablets and other monuments erected upon and within the walls of the edifices dedicated to worship. Who has not been struck with reverential awe while wandering through the thousands of such memorials in the dim aisles of Westminster Abbey? Or who has not felt his heart burn within him while gazing upon such trophies of valor as the armor and gauntlets of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral, or upon the simple lists of honored names inscribed upon the walls of other churches, both small and great, in both England and America?

We come now to add another of these memorial tablets, inscribed with the names and dedicated to the memory of those young men of Saint Paul's congregation who, in the greatest war that was ever waged in all the tide of time, counted it a privilege to lay down their lives for the cause of honor and right. How dignified and beautiful the few words composing the simple inscription: "In loving memory of those members of Saint Paul's Church who gave their last full measure of devotion in the Great War 1914-1918." And how solemn and tender the memories revived when we read the roll of their names:

First Lieutenant Howard Thornton Barger.
First Lieutenant Robert Lewis Butler.
First Lieutenant Allan Lile Campbell.
First Lieutenant George Preston Glenn.
Sergeant Henry Carrington Stevens.

It is a fact worthy of notice that each of these young soldiers represented a different branch of the service—Infantry, Machine Gun, Artillery, Aviation and Ambulance Corps. It is a further noteworthy fact that all of them were officers, and all but one commissioned officers. In proportion to its number I feel safe in stating that Saint Paul's had more officers among those of its members who entered the service than any other congregation in Lynchburg, and I believe it to be true that regardless of numbers it had as many, if not more, golden stars on its service flag. Lynchburg is famous for the proportion of officers she furnished, and I doubt if any other city of its size in the entire country furnished as many. It is but just that we should take a patriotic pride as a congregation and as a community in such a record as this.

Our pride is greater, however, in the thought that of those who died, there was not one who was not a brave, true, noble-hearted and loyal man and soldier.

FIRST LIEUTENANT HOWARD THORNTON BARGER

All of us remember Howard Barger, a splendid youth, trained in Saint Paul's Sunday School and confirmed at this chancel rail by Bishop Tucker. How gallant and debonair he was, how brave and gay, the beau ideal of a young soldier as he marched away with his comrades of the Musketeers to serve on the Mexican border and to go later on when America entered the Great War to Fort Myer, where he was commissioned as First Lieutenant in August, 1917. In the following May he went to France and took part in those glorious campaigns of the American Army during the summer and fall of the eventful year of 1918. On November 6, just five days before the Armistice was signed, he was killed in action while in command of his company. It was not his privilege to join in the jubilations of Armistice Day, when all the allied world went wild with joy, and shouted and danced and wept to think that bloodshed at last had ceased, but his was the greater privilege and the higher joy to die a soldier's death in the midst of his brothers at arms while the advancing banners of his country were gleaming in the sunlight of assured victory and triumph.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT LEWIS BUTLER

The story of Robert Butler is one of unusual interest. He, too, attended our Sunday School and was confirmed by Bishop Tucker on March 7, 1909. He was commissioned a second lieutenant at Fort Myer, November 23, 1917, and was transferred to a machine gun battalion in the regular army. In April, 1918, he went to France, where he took part in the great victory at Chateau Thierry and in other famous fights. His battery was cited for conspicuous service. The only reference to Chateau Thierry in his letters home was in a single sentence: "I was with the guns three days." He also wrote that he had been promoted some time previously to the rank of First Lieutenant. In a letter from Dr. Dunn, formerly the beloved rector of this church, to whom I wrote for information, he tells me that Major Frederick Palmer, author of "America in France," says that after the long series of fights at Chateau Thierry he went over the battlefield with the officer in charge of the field operations of the Marines, and had that officer explain the battle in detail. The officer told him that the Marines were supported by two machine-gun batteries of regulars, and that there came a time when the Marine line was giving way at one point, and that unless he could strengthen the line at this point it might mean utter disaster; and that in desperation he sent to *Captain* Butler, in charge of the battery of regulars, to send him one gun, if possible, and that Butler sent back word that he had just had "two guns shot out of his hands, but he had got hold of a third and was coming to him." He came, and the day was saved. Dr. Dunn showed the account to Lieutenant Butler's sister, and she wrote to Major Palmer saying that her brother was in charge of a battery at Chateau Thierry, but was only a first lieutenant. Palmer wrote that he had not a doubt but that Robert Butler was the man who came, and that he had written *Captain* Butler as he was in charge of the battery. Further investigation seems to authenticate the incident beyond doubt. Later on, during that fierce rush through the Argonne Forest, young Butler fell mortally wounded by a piece of shrapnel which struck him in the neck. He lingered for a few days in a field hospital near the little French village of Fleury, about thirty kilometers out from Verdun, and there, on the

thirteenth day of October, he passed smilingly away, to "where beyond these voices there is peace." Just two years ago, almost to the day, I was visiting Verdun and the surrounding battlefields and in company with another Y. M. C. A. secretary, I went to Fleury to see if we could locate his grave. After a considerable search through the various military cemeteries with which that vast battlefield is dotted, we found it on an eminence overlooking the village, with a beautiful hill behind it and a magnificent stretch of country to the front; a scene not unlike some of those around his native City of Lynchburg. We copied the inscription, which identified the grave beyond question, planted an American flag, and took several photographs which I afterwards delivered to his mother.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ALLAN LILE CAMPBELL

Allan Lile Campbell received his commission as second lieutenant from the Officers' Reserve Corps at Fort Myer in August, 1917. He was assigned to the One Hundred and Fifteenth Artillery and promoted to First Lieutenant before going to France, where he went in May, 1918. His regiment was at first attached to the famous Thirtieth, or "Old Hickory" Division, but was later detached and brigaded with Pershing's Army to be sent hither and thither all over the battle front wherever the big guns were needed most. Young Campbell proved himself a very efficient and popular man. A comrade wrote after his death: "He was one of our finest and bravest young officers. I was deeply attached to him and it seems hard that after making the whole war, he had to pass out this way." The reference is to his death in a hospital of pneumonia, which occurred on the eighth of January, 1919, just as his outfit was about to leave for home.

I shall never forget the first soldier's funeral I attended in France. It was that of a young soldier who, like Allan Campbell, died behind the lines in a hospital of pneumonia, that dread scourge which claimed so many "over there" as well as "over here." I can still see in memory that mournful cortege as we marched behind his corpse through the streets of that foreign city. I can still hear the throb of that muffled drum and see the sympathetic faces of

the French people, who, with that reverence they always show for the dead, stood, the civilians with uncovered heads and the soldiers at attention with military salute, as the procession slowly passed. I remember well the solemn voice of the French Protestant pastor who stood over the flag-draped wooden coffin which constituted the soldier's bier, and tenderly referred to him as "*notre frere*," our brother, and said that he has as truly given his life for the cause as if he had fallen by a bullet from the enemy. It was doubtless amid some such scene as this that Allan Campbell went to his grave beneath the soft skies of that far-off land, and as the bugles sounded taps over the mound that covered his remains, they were but paying fitting military tribute to one who had died for country and for right as truly as if he had been killed in the forefront of battle.

FIRST LIEUTENANT GEORGE PRESTON GLENN

Preston Glenn, another of the Musketeers who saw service on the Mexican border, entered the military service again on May 30, 1917, and went to Fort Myer for training. He volunteered for the air service and was sent to Ridley Park, Toronto, Canada, where he spent five months, after which he returned to the United States and was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Twenty-third Aero Squadron, Sixty-third Unit, at Fort Worth, Texas, on January 13, 1918. On January 18, he sailed for England, and was stationed at Charing Cross, London, until the following June, when he obtained his certificate of graduation as an aviator. He began active war service at once, but his career was of short duration. On July 20, he took his final flight. He was then piloting an aeroplane in formation with others on offensive patrol over the enemy lines at Ostend, when his plane was attacked by a German "Fokker." From an altitude of 20,000 feet he dropped in a nose dive out of range of the attacking machine, and righted his plane towards the allied lines when he reached the altitude of 15,000 feet, but then he disappeared behind the clouds and was not seen again. He was reported missing that night, but not until Armistice Day did his relatives here receive official notification of his death, which occurred "somewhere in France," or Flanders, during the

latter part of July before he could be sent back to a German detention camp as a prisoner. His remains were first buried near Bruges, in Belgium, and were later removed to another American military cemetery in Flanders, where in all probability they will remain, among the blowing poppies and the "crosses row on row" that mark the place where now he lies with comrades who call with him to us to keep faith with those who died.

It is no little satisfaction to be able to say that in the combat in which he lost his life, the German plane that attacked him was brought down in flames. This was done by Lieutenant William Armstrong, who later on was himself killed in service.

SERGEANT HENRY CARRINGTON STEVENS

Of Carrington Stevens, that gallant boy, not yet twenty years old when he died in battle, a better idea may perhaps be gained than in any other way, if we let his comrades speak. Some time after his death his captain, afterwards Major W. H. Lawrence, telegraphed to Dr. Dunn:

"Sergeant Stevens was under my command more than a year during training. He was interested, faithful and a constant source of inspiration to his comrades. In action he proved himself a true soldier, brave as the best, cool and efficient under fire, and beloved by his officers and all the men in his company who feel his loss deeply."

Lieutenant Adams, under whom he did his entire service, said of him: "Carrington was absolutely fearless, absolutely trustworthy. Knowing that I could always depend on him, I always chose him to be with me in great danger."

Sergeant Dorgeval, of his company, in a letter which was not intended to be seen by his family, spoke of him as "one of the very finest, cleanest, bravest chaps in the outfit, and, for that matter, that I have ever known."

Another of his "buddies" wrote: "At Montmirail, when at communion in the quickly fashioned church under the poplars and beeches, and at Sommedieu, when at service so truly simple and devotional, little did I realize that they were the last times that Carrington was to be my companion. His lusty voice singing,

'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,'" as the September twilight hastened down, is a vivid memory. Then later, during our conversation till well past midnight, I saw the future of high idealism that he had planned for himself. The result of his ideals, gained, as he so often said, from his boyhood home training, brought forth his motto: 'I hate no one, nor do I require any one to love me, but to be fair and square is my endeavor'."

The death of this noble youth occurred during the Argonne drive on the thirtieth day of September, 1918. It was shortly after his command had arrived at the little shell-torn town of Cuisy, a few miles northwest of Verdun, where four years of bombardment had left scarcely one stone piled upon another. Soon after their arrival that morning some more German shells came over Sergeant Stevens was struck by a piece of shrapnel which went through his chest. His first words when struck were: "They've got me," and in less than ten minutes as his life blood ebbed away, he said: "Good night, fellows," and fell asleep. The next day he was buried there on the southern slope of a hill near Cuisy, sealed in a heavy army blanket, a coffin being unobtainable for any one. As his body was lowered by the loving hands of his comrades, and the voice of the chaplain repeated the simple army service, the enemy guns were pounding the opposite ridge scarce two hundred yards away, the American batteries were thundering in reply, airplanes were in fierce combat above, and a German observation balloon could be seen scanning the entire front—a fitting funeral for one whose life had just been laid down upon the altar of liberty. A large American flag was planted on the grave, and soon after a huge rustic cross of birch, fashioned by the boys the next day, with his name printed on a white tablet, was placed at its head. And then, writes a devoted comrade, "the battle passed on to the northward, and we returned to the rear, bewildered by our loss."

And who can wonder at their bewilderment? The crushing out by war of millions of bright young lives, the awful devastation and wreckage left in the trail of the armies, the countless billions of wasted treasure, the sorrow and suffering of innocent women and

children, how can we account for these things, how can a just and beneficent God permit such things to be? And yet, we may not doubt that there is some good purpose in it all, that though we may not be able to see it now, there is "one far off divine event towards which the whole creation moves," and that as sure as day follows night, the time will eventually arrive when good will win its final triumph over evil, and right be eternally throned above wrong. The price of progress has always been paid in blood and suffering, and sometimes we feel that the process is unutterably slow. Sometimes it seems that a step backward has been taken, but this is only apparently true. For although the river may wind and turn, and at times appear to flow back in the direction from which it came, we know that it must eventually reach the sea. And so we must reverently believe that even this great world cataclysm through which we have just passed, nay, are still passing, means a step forward and not backward; that when the world has quieted down, when "the tumult and the shouting dies" and "the captains and the kings depart," men will see with clearer vision, and even through the agonies of this crucifixion will experience a resurrection of the noblest and best in human nature.

Then, did they die in vain, these brave boys who went out from their homes to battle for the right, these lads so full of eager hope and willing self-immolation? Not so, not so, God grant it be not so, for the sacrificial offering which they made of their lives bought for their country and the world the opportunity to partake of untold benefits and blessings which otherwise could never have been! The Great War was undoubtedly the greatest calamity in all history. But out of all its agony and bloody sweat will come great gain if the world will but prove itself worthy to receive it. For, like the salvation bought with blood on the tree of Calvary, this gain can not be ours unless we do our part. These boys have bought us with their blood a renaissance of true liberty and real democracy, the right of nations of the earth to emerge finally chastened and purified and enlightened through trial, so that future generations may enjoy a new era of "liberty, equality and fraternity," of justice and unselfishness which under the old order was impossible. God grant that we prove not unworthy, for so, and

only so, may we take hold on the yet unseen and fundamental things for which they died:

“Things that time can not fashion and unfashion,
The fearless faith that love of freedom gives,
The fire, the inextinguishable passion,
The will to die, so only freedom lives.”

Rupert Brooke, the young English poet who fell nobly at Gallipoli, has referred to those who died for country as “the rich dead,” and brought out the value of the guerdon won by them, the costly but precious heritage of glory they have left us, as a gift beyond rubies or pearls:

“Blow out, you bugles, over the rich dead!
There’s none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons they gave, their immortality.
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and love and pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects in a royal wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.”

It is meet and right and our bounden duty, therefore, that we should make fitting memorial of those who have done these great things for us, and cherish forever in our hearts their imperishable renown.

“They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning
We will remember them.”

XVII.

GRACE MEMORIAL CHURCH

HISTORICAL ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE
CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW CHURCH, FORT
HILL, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA,
MAY 15, 1928

*Reverend Father in God, Brother Masons, Fellow Episcopalians,
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Lynchburg goes back for more than a century.

Of St. Paul's, the mother church, the history is eventful and interesting, but it is unnecessary to repeat it now. In the summer of 1843, the Rev. William H. Kinckle, who had previously been in charge of a church in Cumberland County, came to St. Paul's as rector, and served the congregation with rare ability and fidelity until his death on the second of March, 1867, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

On the twenty-eighth of January, 1859, at the request of Mr. Kinckle, a meeting of those members of St. Paul's who lived on Diamond Hill was held at the residence of Captain Blackford to take the initial steps towards building a church in that part of the town, and committees were appointed, to further the plan. Mr. Kinckle applied all his energy to the work, and in 1860 a lot was purchased and the church built. It was not, however, completed when the war stopped all such work. During the war it was used as a hospital, and when peace returned it was almost in ruins. Through Mr. Kinckle's efforts it was restored, and on Easter Day, 1866, it was opened for worship, and thereafter until his death, in 1867, Mr. Kinckle conducted services there every Sunday evening. In his report to the Diocesan Convention in 1866, Mr. Kinckle said: "With God's blessing we hope this promising offshoot from the parent church of St. Paul may before long develop into a full grown parish of its own, with vestry and pastor. The field around it is wide. It needs only to be faithfully worked

to yield an abundant harvest.” This aspiration of its founder, in honor of whom it was called Grace Memorial Church, has received abundant fulfillment. In 1867 it was placed in charge of the Rev. James Grammer, and soon thereafter became a separate congregation. Since then it has grown and flourished. The first building was succeeded by a handsome new one, which in its turn now gives place to the beautiful edifice to be erected on this site. Among its rectors were the late Rev. John J. Lloyd, who was universally esteemed and beloved, and Mr. Carleton Barnwell, our present rector of St. Paul’s.

On January 1, 1870, there came to St. Paul’s, as rector, a man than whose name that of no man is held by this people in deeper reverence or more abiding affection—Rev. Theodore M. Carson.

In 1877, under Mr. Carson’s leadership, a church was built in the neighborhood of Miller Park, and named Epiphany. In 1881, Rev. Edward S. Gregory, the “poet priest of Lynchburg,” was placed in charge of this church and labored there most devotedly and successfully for a few years until his death. Mr. Gregory was a man of the highest type and the truest piety, and it is eminently fitting that the building for which we now lay the cornerstone should contain a tablet to his memory, along with one to Dr. Kinckle. Spiritually, Dr. Kinckle and Mr. Gregory are the founders of this church, and it is a most happy coincidence that this new building is to consist in large part of materials from both Epiphany and the former Grace Church building which still stands on Grace Street. Great was the work done at little Epiphany and at old Grace Church in Lynchburg, but the time came, when in the providence of God, it was considered that the work begun by saintly Kinckle and Gregory, and carried on so well by their successors, could be done more effectively in a new location. Hence it was that in September, 1926, negotiations between St. Paul’s Church and Grace Church resulted in the passage of resolutions by the vestry and congregation of Grace Church of which the following is a copy:

“Believing (a) that it is vitally necessary to the future advancement of the church in Lynchburg that an Episcopal Church be established in the Fort Hill section of the city as soon as possible,

and (b) that the opportunities for service on the part of Grace Church would be greatly increased and multiplied if this church were re-located in this rapidly developing section of the city, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, I. That in accordance with the invitation issued by the vestry and congregation of St. Paul's Church, the vestry and congregation of Grace Church unite with the vestry and congregation of St. Paul's Church, under the rectorship of the present rector of Grace Church; continuing with the congregation of St. Paul's Church in worship, in active service and in financial support of the church's work at the home and abroad, that there may be no needless impairment of the church's efficiency as regards its work in this community or its support of the church's program.

2. That the property of Grace Church, exclusive of its furnishings, memorials, etc., be disposed of as quickly and advantageously as possible, upon condition that similar disposition be made of the Epiphany property; and that the proceeds of such sales be used towards the purchase of a lot and the erection of a new church in the Fort Hill section, which church is to be known as Grace Memorial Church.

3. That upon completion of the new church in Fort Hill, the members of the united congregation, whether former members of Grace Church or St. Paul's Church, be given the opportunity, either of continuing their membership in St. Paul's or of uniting themselves with the new Grace Memorial Church."

The members elected to constitute the first vestry and who still hold office are as follows: Harrison T. Nicholas and Dr. Geo. J. Tompkins, wardens; L. P. Mann, registrar; Geo. H. Shumate, treasurer; A. P. Craddock, Walter S. Nelson, Edley Craighill, R. A. Ralph, Thos. R. Allen, W. F. Whately, John Cosby, and J. L. Shaner. Dr. Tompkins was elected chairman and has presided over the meetings which have taken place from time to time. By resolutions of the vestry he was directed to appoint a Building Committee, including himself a member of the same, and the following were so appointed to serve with him in that capacity: H. T. Nicholas, A. P. Craddock, Edley Craighill and W. F. Whately.

It should be recalled at this point that the original resolution, inaugurating this movement, passed by the vestry of old Grace Church September 9, 1926, and later accepted by the congregation at a special meeting, referred to the Epiphany property. This property consisted of a plat of ground lying between Fort Avenue and Marsh Street, adjacent to the Miller Park, on which was located a stone chapel of most pleasing architectural design, a relic of former efforts of the Episcopal Church in Lynchburg, but on account of changes in the growth of the city, no longer suited to its purpose and for the past twenty-some years had been abandoned, closed, and left to the erosions of passing time. The title was vested in the Trustees of St. Paul's Episcopal Church and the property under the control of St. Paul's vestry which construed the trust as a moral obligation resting upon them to hold it solely for the purpose of restoring it to the advancement of the church's work whenever and by whatever means that could be accomplished, so the proposal of the Grace Church vestry as embodied in the resolution met with their prompt and hearty response and the property has since been sold and the proceeds passed to the treasury of the new Grace Memorial Church. At this time the old Grace Church and grounds located on the corner of Grace and Sixteenth Streets are being offered for sale with the same purpose in view.

Upon the completion and adoption of the plans and specifications prepared by Craighill & Cardwell for the new building, a contract was closed with Hancock & Sons and on February 7, 1928, first ground was broken on the new lot and the wrecking of the Epiphany Chapel was begun for the purpose of using its beautiful stone and all other available material, which had been preserved, for the new Grace Church structure.

Grace Memorial Church vestry has extended to Dr. W. G. Pendleton, of the Virginia Episcopal School, a call and his acceptance, already in the hands of the vestry, predestines him to become the first rector.

As provided in the resolution a committee, consisting of H. T. Nicholas, chairman, C. S. Hutter, D. C. Frost, S. G. Hamner, Dr. B. H. Kyle, and Dr. Geo. J. Tompkins, was appointed to institute the Fort Hill enterprise. This committee, with the consent of the proper church authorities, sold the rectory of the old Grace

Memorial Church on Sixteenth Street, and with the major portion of the proceeds, purchased ground on New Hampshire Avenue in the Fort Hill section for the location of the new Grace Memorial Church. A congregational meeting in the Fort Hill Club House was called and presided over by the Rev. Carlton Barnwell, member ex-officio of the committee, and after discussing and viewing several proposed locations, approved the site selected by the committee on which the new church building is now being erected. The firm of Craighill & Cardwell, architects, was the choice of the committee and they were directed to prepare plans for the building.

In the fall of 1927 it was decided to re-organize Grace Church for the purpose of beginning active church work, and a meeting of the congregation again took place in the Fort Hill Club House, at which time a vestry was elected and became successors of the above committee and assumed full charge of the new situation. A committee was appointed to organize a church school and arrange for regular Sunday morning classes in the Fort Hill Club House. Their work rapidly bore fruit and in a short time the Sunday school reached an enrollment of 100 members with Mr. Walter S. Nelson as superintendent, and has since conducted regular classes each Sunday morning.

It is hoped and believed that a greater work for God's Kingdom on earth will be done than would have been possible under former circumstances at either of the old locations of Grace Church or Epiphany Chapel. The latter building has already been torn down and the stone from its walls is being rebuilt into this structure, which, although much larger, will greatly resemble it in style of architecture. The furnishings and memorials from old Grace Church will be transferred here later on, and thus the new Grace Memorial Church of Lynchburg, will be, to a large extent, physically, as well as spiritually, the successor of old Grace and Epiphany, and we can well believe that upon this work the spirits of Dr. Kinckle and Dr. Carson and Dr. Lloyd, and Mr. Gregory look down in smiling benediction. Let me also mention the late Captain Frank T. Lee, who was deeply interested in the work at Epiphany and gave liberally of his time and means to its foundation as well as the Rev. Dr. T. H. Lacy, who labored there faith-

rully for several years and who but a few days ago passed to receive his Master's plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant." Also deserving of highly honorable mention are the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, Rev. C. B. Wilmer and the faithful lay workers, who strove valiantly to keep Epiphany alive, but, who, owing to its unfortunate location at the south corner of the city park were unable to do so.

All success then to the new venture! As a member of St. Paul's, I feel that I express the sentiments of its rector, its vestry, and its congregation, when I say that we wish the people and pastor of this new parish Godspeed in their labors. Just as old St. Paul's gladly gave of her life blood, in the sacrifice of means and members, to help in the establishment of Grace Church and Epiphany originally, just as later on she willingly made the same sacrifice to establish St. John's in Rivermont, so does the old mother church now gladly and willingly, yet not without pain at the parting, give of her sons and daughters to help establish this new branch of our beloved church, and follow them with her constant prayers and love.

XVIII.

MARY VIRGINIA ELLET CABELL

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TABLET
IN HER MEMORY, "POINT OF HONOR,"
LYNCHBURG, JUNE 14, 1931

*Madame Regent, Ladies of Lynchburg Chapter D. A. R., Friends
and Compatriots:*

It is a privilege, for which I shall ever remain profoundly grateful, to be permitted to have a part in the exercises of this occasion. I take it that I am thus honored not only because of the position I hold as president of the Virginia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, an organization closely affiliated with that great patriotic organization of women under whose auspices these exercises are held, but also because it was known to those who invited me that throughout my whole life, as long as she lived, I was intimately associated with the great woman whose memory we honor, and closely bound to her by ties of blood kinship, and personal and inherited friendship, and of mutual affection and esteem. Even during the closing years of her life, as long as she was able to see, I was favored with occasional letters in her own hand, and no task could have been assigned me more appealing to my sense of appreciation than that I now exercise of paying my humble tribute to her memory. It is, indeed, a labor of love.

Mary Virginia Ellet Cabell was born here at "Point of Honor," on January 24, 1839, and after a long life, full of usefulness and beauty, passed into the life beyond, at Michigan City, Indiana, on the fourth day of July, 1930, in the ninety-second year of her age. The place of her birth and the date of her death are both filled with suggestive significance. With her it was ever a "point of honor" to concede to others all that was their due, and her notable distinction, as one of the organizers of the Daughters of the American Revolution, made it peculiarly fitting that her noble life should end on the anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence. On both sides she was descended from

families of worth and character, and her ever unfailing recognition of the spirit of "*noblesse oblige*" caused her never to falter in making her own life and character measure up to the standard they had set.

Her father was Colonel Charles Ellet, Jr., an eminent and distinguished civil engineer, one of whose exploits was the building of a famous bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis, and another the introduction of wire suspension bridges into America, erecting one at Fairmount, Pennsylvania, in 1842, and another across the Niagara, below the Falls, in 1847. Still earlier, in 1837, when hardly more than a youth, fresh from his studies at the famous Ecole Polytechnique, in France, he had become chief engineer of the James River and Kanawha Canal, a project which for many years faithfully and efficiently served the transportation needs of those living along the James River from Buchanan to Richmond, and the now abandoned remains of which may be seen hard by this spot. He became a colonel of engineers in the Union Army during the Civil War, and converted a fleet of Mississippi steamers into rams with which he sank or disabled several Confederate vessels in a naval engagement off Memphis, June 6, 1862. In this engagement he received a wound from which he died, at Cairo, Illinois, on June 21. Colonel Ellet's use of the ram in naval warfare is said to have been suggested by the sinking of a large vessel by a smaller one in an accidental collision. It is related that while her father was building the Niagara Bridge, the little Mary Ellet, always fearless, would often make the trip across the river on the cable, in the cage which carried the tools and workmen, and she was told by her father to "tell her grandchildren that she was the first woman ever to see the Falls from the middle of the river."

On her mother's side her ancestry was also eminent and distinguished. Of Revolutionary descent, through the Baldwins and other well known families, her mother was one of the four daughters of Judge William Daniel, my great grandfather, whose seat on the Circuit Bench of Lynchburg and Campbell County I now have the honor to hold, and her uncle, the brother of these four sisters, was Judge William Daniel, Jr., long a leading member of the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals. Of these four daughters of the elder Judge Daniel, it may be said that each was

a woman of unusual charm and character. One of them, Martha, a notable belle and wit of fragrant memory, became the wife of Judge Wood Bouldin, who followed his brother-in-law, Judge William Daniel, Jr., on the Supreme Court of Appeals, and their daughter, Miss Ellie Bouldin, gifted with all her mother's charm and wit, graces the occasion with her presence here today. Another of the Daniel sisters, Cornelia, married Mayo Cabell, of Union Hill, and became the mother of William Daniel Cabell, who married Mary Virginia Ellet, in whose honor the Daughters of the American Revolution place this tablet which has just been unveiled by her distinguished son, Major Charles Ellet Cabell. The mother of our subject was Elvira Augusta Stuart Daniel, who married Colonel Ellet. The other Daniel sister, Eliza, married Lewis Cabell, son of Dr. George Cabell, the builder of "Point of Honor," who acquired the deed to the land from John Lynch, the founder of Lynchburg, in 1792. It was through Eliza Daniel Cabell that her father, Judge William Daniel, became the owner of "Point of Honor" and that it afterwards descended to his son, Judge William Daniel, Jr., who later built another home higher up this hill called Daniel's Hill, which, by his second wife, the beautiful and accomplished Elizabeth Cabell, daughter of Judge William H. Cabell, president of the Supreme Court of Appeals, was named "Rivermont," the name now applied to that large and beautiful section of Lynchburg north of Blackwater Creek and reached from the rest of the city by Rivermont Bridge. The house called "Rivermont" was for many years the home of Major E. S. Hutter. It is an interesting coincidence that at one time while Judge William Daniel, Jr., was on the Court of Appeals, the president of the court, who afterwards became his father-in-law, and his uncle, Judge Briscoe B. Baldwin were also members, and that among his successors was Judge Bouldin, his brother-in-law. Here it may be mentioned that the sister of Judge Baldwin, the grandmother of Mrs. M. V. E. Cabell (Judge William Daniel's wife), was that Margaret Baldwin, of Winchester, of whom and of whose daughter, Eliza Daniel Cabell, there is found an interesting account in "Sketches and Recollections of Lynchburg." Here too may be mentioned the fact that "Point of Honor" derives its name from the fact that, according to tradition, once in the long

ago, before the house was built, it was the scene of a duel which was about to be fought between Captain Samuel Wyatt and Mr. Henry S. Langhorne, but which was averted and amicably settled without bloodshed, and without yielding by either party of any "point of honor." According to some accounts the duel was to be fought between Captain Wyatt and a Mr. Nowlin, and Mr. Langhorne was one of the seconds.

My earliest recollections of my distinguished kinswoman, Mrs. Cabell, begin with my boyhood days in Nelson County, where my parents lived at the time, and where, at "Fern Moss," their home, and at "Norwood," the handsome estate of Mr. William D. Cabell, whom she had married shortly after the Civil War, our families used to exchange visits and my sisters and brothers and I would play with their children. "Norwood" is only a short distance from Union Hill, Mr. Cabell's ancestral home, of which estate it was formerly a part, and there it was that young Ellet and I used to roam the fields and woods, learning to swim in the James and the Tye, and indulging in all the usual delights of boyhood. As I look back over the intervening years, I can think of no place where the beauty and charm of Virginia family life in those days were more beautifully exemplified. Mr. Cabell was a man of courtly and dignified presence, of the highest type of physical and moral courage, and as a preceptor of youth he left his impress upon the lives of many who today remember him with gratitude and reverence.

In the 1880's the Cabells decided to break up the school for boys which he was conducting at "Norwood," and removed to Washington, where they established a seminary for young ladies under the name of Norwood Institute, located at Thomas Circle, on the northwest corner of Fourteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, in buildings some of which are still standing. This became one of the most noted and best patronized institutions of its kind, numbering among its students hundreds of girls from the best families of North and South, and including many daughters of members of both branches of Congress and prominent government officials.

During their management of Norwood Institute this school became not only a center of art and learning, with a faculty com-

posed of the best teachers in their respective branches, but it also became one of the most brilliant centers of social life in the nation's capital, characterized by a cultured charm and refined hospitality that made it unique and notable even in that city of culture and social grace. On Friday evenings their parlors were the scene of gatherings at which many of the leaders of social and official life in Washington would be found present, and many of the leading lights of literature and music and dramatic art would contribute their talents for the entertainment of the pupils of the school and their guests. Well do I remember the privilege of attending many of these gatherings, for, though I was but a boy in years, my kinsfolk, the Cabells, were ever loyal to their tribe and clan, and meticulously careful that none should be overlooked.

It was at a time when Norwood Institute was at the height of its career that Mrs. Cabell, with seventeen other women of patriotic character undertook the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution, that great society which has now become nation wide in its scope and which has acquired a prestige and influence in national affairs, especially in the promotion of true American patriotism and the perpetuation of true American traditions and ideals, which are nothing less than remarkable. As related in the *D. A. R. Magazine* of August, 1930, "Mrs. Cabell was one of the eighteen organizers, who, at the meeting of October 11, 1890, approved and ratified all of the proceedings and appointments of the meeting of August 9, 1890, as presented by Miss Washington, Miss Desha and Mrs. Walworth; and, when the business was found to over-run the time limit, gave her house for the adjourned meeting at which organization was completed, October 18, 1890. This was an extraordinary meeting and was peculiarly vital to the well-being and growth of the society, for not only were the final details of organization perfected, including the adoption of the colors, but it was the beginning of the brilliant social setting she and her husband, Mr. William D. Cabell, gave the society until its status and prestige were established, and those who misinterpreted its meaning and misrepresented its objects were silenced and discredited."

In the history of the society, the eleventh day of October, 1890, is recognized as Organization Day, for it was then that the first

roll of membership, consisting of eighteen names, among them that of Mrs. Cabell, was signed at the residence of Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, but, as above stated, it was at an adjournment of this meeting held at the residence of Mrs. Cabell on October 18, 1890, that the organization was completed, and the colors, blue and white, adopted.

From the time of its foundation to the day of her death, Mrs. Cabell was closely identified with the D. A. R. and the recipient of its highest honors. It was through her that the society was enabled to secure "the first lady of the land," Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, as its first president, but the state of Mrs. Harrison's health made it impossible for her to preside at its meetings, and Mrs. Cabell, who was chosen as the first vice-president, graciously accepted the onerous executive duties of the society, and later, in 1893, was made the holder of the special honorary office of "President Presiding," which she held until she died, when the office also expired.

Again, we are informed through the August, 1930, issue of the *D. A. R. Magazine* that, "At the death of Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Grover Cleveland was asked to succeed her, but declined. Mrs. Cabell's name was placed before the Continental Congress for election, but withdrawn at her request. Mrs. Cabell then nominated Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, wife of the vice-president of the United States, for the office. It was her conviction that the D. A. R. still struggling for recognition, should have as its active head a woman of the highest official station at the Capital available." It was this spirit of self-abnegation on the part of Mrs. Cabell which prevented her from ever holding the office of president general of the D. A. R., but at the same time won for her the unique and lifelong position of its "Honorary President Presiding," which under the circumstances may be considered an even higher honor. Truly, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."*

* Though strictly speaking, Mrs. Cabell may not be called a "founder" of the D. A. R., that distinction belonging to the three women, Miss Washington, Miss Desha and Mrs. Wadsworth, who conceived the idea of its formation and called its first meeting, yet to her undoubtedly belongs the honor of being not only one of its organizers and, perhaps, the most active factor in its early success, but also of being the real mother and chief promoter of Continental Hall, that beautiful building in Washington which is the home of the society. And some day the Daughters will erect a tablet commemorative of that fact.

The father of Mrs. Cabell's mother, Judge William Daniel, is said to have remarked of his daughter, who, though frail and lovely in physique, possessed a mind of unusual clearness and strength, that, but for her feminine temperament, he could have wished her a man. The same remark might have been made of Mrs. Cabell. Though exquisitely feminine in all feminine gifts and graces, her vigorous mind and executive abilities enabled her to cope successfully with business affairs in a manner that would have done credit to the sex whose usual prerogative it is to attend to such matters, but without sacrifice of any of the refinements that adorn the highest type of noble womanhood. As wife and mother she exemplified all that was best in those sacred relationships, and was worshipped by her husband, and adored by her children, who today rise up to call her blessed.

Her fortitude in trial was shown when she bore bravely the loss during the war of a young brother, and of her father, whose gallantry and merit were recognized by the distinction of having his body lie in state in Independence Hall; and again shone forth with resplendent luster, when, in later years, she was called upon to mourn the death of her gifted and beloved son, Mayo, and, her idolized husband. When death came to herself she was ready to meet it with the same spirit of courage and resignation to God's will. This occurred last summer when she had gone with her daughters Elvira and Margaret to their summer home at Lakeside, Michigan. With these two of her daughters she visited "Point of Honor" the last time she was in Lynchburg. When her last illness developed she was taken to the hospital sixteen miles away, at Michigan City, Indiana, and, there, on July 4, passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace." Her remains were brought to Virginia and laid to rest beside those of her husband, on a hill facing the Blue Ridge, in Berryville, in the Valley. Besides the children already mentioned, she is survived by her daughter, Mrs. L. C. Hopkins, of Atlanta, and a step-daughter, Mrs. Annie Moore, widow of Mr. A. Moore, Jr., distinguished lawyer of Berryville. Mrs. Moore is also an honored guest of this occasion.

When John Adams lay dying on July 4, 1826, thoughts of the future of his country, of which he had been president, filled his mind with concern and apprehension, and, as if consoling himself,

he murmured, "Jefferson still lives." On that very day the great sage of Monticello, likewise an ex-president of the United States, and the author of that immortal Declaration of Independence which both of them had signed just fifty years before, also passed away. Nevertheless the words of Adams were true. "Jefferson still lives," and will always live in the works he accomplished, in the principles he so clearly enunciated, and in the love and gratitude of his countrymen. So also may it be said of the great-souled woman who passed from this earthly scene of her labors on July 4 last year. Mary Virginia Ellet Cabell still lives,—I truly believe she lives in the life immortal,—but in still another way she also lives,—lives in the lives and the love of her children, lives in the grateful and affectionate remembrance of all her kith and kindred, lives in the memory of all who knew her faithful friendship, lives in the sweet and hallowed influence she shed abroad among all whose lives were touched by hers, the high and the lowly, the rich and the poor, for "none knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise"; but, in a very special sense, to all the many thousands who have been and will be members of this great band of patriotic American women which she helped to form and establish, her life goes on in ever widening waves of power and influence, broadening and enlightening the minds of her countrymen and countrywomen, warming their hearts with the fire of her own unselfish devotion, and inspiring them to stand firm for the principles upon which this nation was founded, and, if need be, to die in its defense.*

Most fittingly, therefore, Daughters of the American Revolution, do you set today this memorial stone and dedicate this memorial tablet to one who wrought well and served faithfully in her day and generation.

*Since this address was made a very lifelike portrait of Mrs. Cabell has been unveiled in Continental Hall.

XIX.

DEDICATING THE TABLET QUAKER MEMORIAL CHURCH

OCTOBER 7, 1934

Reverend Pastor, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The place whereon we stand today is holy ground. This little stone church and its surroundings constitute one of the most sacred shrines connected with the history of Lynchburg and Campbell County. It is meet and right and our bounden duty, therefore, that we should assemble here at this time to dedicate a memorial tablet to those who hallowed it with their lives; and we would remember now not only that little band of gentle and peace-loving men and women who established here a house wherein to worship God, but also those valiant heroes of a later time who here poured out their blood and struggled against overwhelming odds to save our fair city from destruction. For we should never allow any appropriate occasion to pass without paying some installment, however small, upon the debt of honor and gratitude we owe to those who withheld no sacrifice, even that of life itself, in order to maintain their cause of righteousness, and to defend their homes and firesides. May we not pause, therefore, for a moment, before we dedicate this memorial to the Quakers, to recall that on a June day in 1864, along this road and through the forests that then covered these hills, the men of McCausland and Peters held the invading hosts of Hunter in check until General Early could arrive and drive them away in the victorious Battle of Lynchburg? It was a struggle against overwhelming odds, but we may well thank God that it was successful, and that when Early and his veteran warriors did arrive they put the foe to utter rout, and flung him back in ignominious flight, and foiled him of his prey.

It is not of war, but of peace, however, that we would principally think today. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and our gathering here today is mainly in honor of those who more than a century and three-quarters ago first began to

assemble at this place to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and the peculiar forms of their own devising.

You have already heard recounted the history of this building and of those who were accustomed, in days of yore, to worship within its walls. You know that they were a particularly devout and pious people, loyal to God and devoted to His service. You know, also, that they possessed fortitude and strength of character, qualities developed in high degree by the rugged lives they led, and which they transmitted to their descendants, many of whom are here today to honor them by dedicating this tablet, upon which is inscribed a fitting testimonial to those virtues they so well exemplified. Gladly do we all, therefore, join in paying tribute to the memory of those peaceful Friends, at this place made sacred by their footsteps as they trudged hither to worship in their own way the one true and living God.

In the brief time allotted to me, it is, of course impossible that I should even attempt to recount the story of their struggles or call many of them by name. That has already been done to a large extent by others, and far better than I could do it if I tried. I do wish, however, to mention two of them, who, in the joint span of their lives, covered the entire history of this church from its beginning in that little log meeting house in the wilderness (1757), through its whole career, in the frame building which followed (1763), and in this stone structure completed in 1798, used by the Quakers for a number of years and subsequently, on account of the death and removal of its members, abandoned and falling into decay, and then restored (1904) and again devoted to the worship of God as it stands today.

The first whom I shall mention is well remembered by many of those present, and to all who do remember him as he rode about this community on horseback, ministering to the sick and comforting the afflicted, his benign and genial countenance comes back now with a gentle smile as a radiant and kindly memory. I refer, of course, to Doctor John J. Terrell, who died in 1923, at the age of ninety-three, and whose long life was a benediction and a blessing to all who knew him. I am proud to remember him as one of my friends. He was called "the last of the Quakers," and is said

to have attended the last meeting of the Friends which was held in this building. He was always interested in its preservation, and also largely responsible for its restoration. Like that other Terrell, or Terrail, of the days of ancient chivalry, the famous Chevalier Bayard, he was ever "without fear and without reproach," and we remember him today with love and gratitude.

The other name that I shall mention is that of John Lynch, the founder of Lynchburg. He it was who conceived the idea that a town might be built on the land patented and owned by him on the hills above the ferry across James River, and along with others he obtained its charter from the General Assembly of Virginia in 1786. He was a sincere and exemplary member of the Society of Friends, and his character is a lasting testimonial to the kind of religion they professed and practiced. Conscientious and high minded, charitable and benevolent, his life was both gentle and useful, and as was said of him by his friend and relative, Christopher Anthony, "He possessed a mind of the first order—a mind unimpaired by disease or old age until a very short time before his death; and a fortitude and firmness of character seldom equalled."

He was identified with the rise and progress of Lynchburg from the period when its site was an uninhabited wilderness until his death in 1821, and as Mr. Anthony said, "such was the veneration which the inhabitants of the town entertained for him, that he might be regarded as standing amongst them very much in the light of one of the patriarchs of old."

He is buried over there in the northeast corner of the church yard. No monument marks his grave, and probably, as a Quaker, he would have desired none, but, in the words inscribed at the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the Cathedral of St. Paul's in London, and who is buried in its crypt:

Si monumentum requiris circumspice

("If you would see his monument, look about you.") Look back there to the east and see the mighty city which bears his name, throbbing with life and industry, and still going forward in progress and beauty to a future which we proudly believe will be even brighter than its past. As James Barron Hope sang in his Lynchburg Centennial Ode, now nearly fifty years gone by:

“One hundred years ago
Yon lofty hills
Sent a thousand rills
To the brawling flood below,
And here Lynch stood
In the silent wood
Watching yon river flow.

“Yes, here Lynch stood
With a dream in his brain,
The dream of a conquering race!
From the mountain tops
To the spreading plain
He saw a vision of coming crops,
And beheld the sturdy forests give place
To the opulent fields of grain.

“And looking abroad
With his eager eyes
Fully many a homestead
He saw arise,
And many a busy mill,
And hereabouts, standing and looking down
He saw the streets of a growing town
Come clambering up the hill.

“Yes, here Lynch stood;
I can see him now,
With his modest figure
And thoughtful brow.
After one hundred years I see
A picture of him
Who oftentime stood
Hereabouts under the silent wood—
A picture of him who often time wrought
Out into action his careful thought
Of the thing that he willed to be.
And here is the dream of the man long dead
In the prosperous city around us spread.”

May the spirits of these two typical Quakers, John Lynch and John J. Terrell, identified so long with this place where we gather this beautiful autumnal afternoon, long continue to animate and inspire the citizens of their well loved county and city; and may their descendants who still live and move among us, esteemed and honored like themselves, loving and worshipping the same God whom they worshipped and loved, and serving their fellowmen in the same spirit of unselfish devotion, long live and prosper in this community, and transmit to their children's children the sterling virtues of their Quaker ancestors.

APPENDIX

The following accounts of three important episodes in the life of Lynchburg are included in this book, not only for their historic interest and importance but because also of the opportunity thus accorded to preserve in permanent form three of the speeches of Lynchburg's great orator and beloved citizen, Major John W. Daniel, which are not to be found in the volume of his published addresses brought out several years ago by the J. P. Bell Company and compiled by his son, Mr. Edward M. Daniel, and which because of their peculiar local interest are appropriate to the purpose for which the book is intended.

THE VIRGINIAN BUILDING FIRE

ACCOUNT OF THE EXERCISES HELD ON MAY 31, 1883, INCLUDING MAJOR JOHN W. DANIEL'S FUNERAL ORATION, IN MEMORY OF THE FIVE BRAVE FIREMEN WHO PERISHED IN THE VIRGINIAN BUILDING FIRE

On May 30, 1883, there occurred one of the most tragic incidents in the history of Lynchburg. Fire broke out in the building in which the *Lynchburg Virginian* was then published, at the corner of Tenth and Main, and in a short time brought great destruction. Five heroic firemen, Halsey Gouldman, James Vaughan, James Clemens, W. R. Moore, and Felix Delbelvre were killed by the falling of a wall between the Virginian Building and that occupied by Jones Watts Company, next door in which the fire originated, while in the performance of their duty in fighting the flames. Never has the city been more profoundly moved than it was by this great tragedy which is still remembered by many of our older citizens. The following account of the funeral exercises which were held in the old Opera House (now remodeled and called the Trenton Theater) is taken from the *Lynchburg News* of Friday, June 1, 1883:

Another sad and solemn scene in the great drama was enacted yesterday when the funeral services of the five brave men who perished in Wednesday's holocaust took place, and their mortal remains were consigned to mother earth in the presence of a countless multitude, and amid the sobs of loved ones and the sympathetic tears of friends. If Wednesday was a memorable day in the history of the town, so were the occurrences of yesterday of such an imposing and impressive character as never to be eradicated from the minds of those who participated in the exercises or witnessed the inspiring incidents of the occasion. All Lynchburg was in distress; business was suspended, educational institutions closed, public buildings and private houses put on the habiliments of mourning, and the city wore an aspect of inexpressible solemnity and sorrow.

THE LAST BODY EXHUMED

With the dawn of the day, men gathered at the scene of the great disaster, and resumed search among the shapeless and smouldering mass of ruins for the missing body of brave Felix Delbelvre. Long and patiently the search was continued, until some faint doubt began to be entertained of the hapless firemen's fate; but on toward noon his mangled and charred corpse was discovered deep down under the debris, his right hand firmly grasping the axe which he had wielded to so much effect in the early stages of the fire. As gently as could be, the remains were raised, and placed upon a litter, and then borne away to receive the proper attention of friends.

THE FUNERAL EXERCISES

Long before the hour appointed for the funeral exercises at the Opera House, the street in front of that building was crowded with citizens of high and low degree, without regard to color or condition, gathered to join in paying the last tribute of esteem to the courageous men who had sacrificed their lives in the unselfish performance of public service. The sidewalks for several squares, both ways, were lined with people moving in the direction of the Opera House, the doors of which were opened to the public promptly at four o'clock; and in a very few minutes the spacious building was filled to overflowing, hundreds being unable to gain admittance.

On the stage, which was appropriately draped in mourning, and the front of which literally covered with floral tributes, wrought into various beautiful designs by loving hands—

“In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white;
Like sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery”—

—sat all the public officials, the City Council, the School Board, the pastors of the various churches, and a number of prominent citizens. Directly in front of the stage were the handsome caskets containing the remains of the deceased: Halsey Gouldman, Wm. R. Moore, James Vaughan, Felix Delbelvre, and James Clemens. The front seats in the parquet were occupied by the families of the dead, and in the rear of these on the right were

seated the pall-bearers, and on the left the firemen, policemen, and the Red Men. The members of St. Patrick's and other societies, together with citizens, occupied the seats in the dress circle and the boxes. In the left balcony sat the Lynchburg Home Guard and the Light Artillery Blues and in the right balcony the Virginia Guard and the Hill City Guard (both colored companies); the band also occupied seats in the balcony as did many citizens, and the galleries were filled with colored persons.

The exercises which were conducted by Rev. T. M. Carson, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, opened with a funeral dirge by the band, Rev. Dr. Southerland, of the Methodist Protestant Church, then offered up to the throne of grace a beautiful and fervent prayer, which was followed by the familiar and touching hymn—

“Nearer, My God to Thee,”

read by Rev. G. C. Vanderslice, of Centenary M. E. Church. Rev. Mr. Carson then read the lesson from the first Corinthians, xv chapter, commencing with the twentieth verse, and was followed by—

Rev. Dr. Hall in an appropriate address, which profoundly impressed the vast audience, moving many to tears.

At the conclusion of Dr. Hall's remarks Rev. Wm. E. Edwards gave out the hymn—

“Jesus, Lover of My Soul,”

which was rendered with great feeling and expression, after which Rev. Mr. Carson presented Major Jno. W. Daniel, who had been requested to deliver

THE FUNERAL ORATION

Major Daniel's address was as follows:

Neighbors, and Friends: A common calamity, and a common grief have brought us here together. On yesterday the thickest populated portion of your city was in flames. Today its people are in tears.

Not for the loss of the buildings that came crashing down in fiery ruins, and not for the loss of the property that perished in them are we sad. The energy and enterprise of the able business

men who suffered these losses will soon repair them. Their coffers will soon be replenished with whatever is missing today. The black, unseemly gap in the line of your principal street will soon be filled. Structures more stately than those that have gone down will rise in their stead, and ere long the ruffled currents of business will be smooth again, and in the channels of trade all will be well. But we mourn today a loss than can never be repaired. Bravely struggling to combat the devouring element, five brave men have fallen never to rise again. The wail of the widow, the mother, and the orphan, has succeeded the wild alarm of the bell, and the confused voices of the excited and contending crowd have died away in sobs and moans.

The fire which has thus disastrously resulted, broke out with great suddenness, and spread with fierce, swift rapidity. In a few moments from the time when the first flame darted forth its red serpent-like tongue, the great building where it began was enveloped, and those adjoining were smoking with the dread contagion. The wind was strong, and almost before the city was fairly startled to its peril, the heavens were filled with flying firebrands, like falling stars, and it looked as if the chiefest portion of the town was about to be swept away. But quick and grasping as were the flames, scarce less quick were the feet of those who rushed to the rescue of their fellow-citizens. It is the bright side of a common peril that it instantly brings forth our common brotherhood, and shows our common dependence upon, and our common sympathy for each other. White and black, old and young, firemen, soldiers, and citizens, came speeding to help those whose property was endangered. And acts of kindness, and hospitality, and chivalry, and courage were done, not less noble than those which mark the conduct of the hero upon the battlefield.

On behalf of those who are bereft of the support and had the aid of the generous and the brave, I return their thanks to those to whom they are so justly and richly due; and myself largely the beneficiary of their gallant conduct, cannot I mingle my own grateful and cordial appreciation!*

*Major Daniel's office was in the Virginian Building before the fire, but many of his books and papers were saved.

The efforts so promptly and so stoutly made were early successful. The strong wind and the warm sun which combined to speed the progress of the flames, were opposed by strong hands and willing hearts; and from the thistle Danger was plucked the flower of Safety. In a few hours the rampant giant was curbed, and bound, and seldom has so great peril been so quickly arrested, and such little loss inflicted by such threatening and powerful an adversary, as yesterday's raging flames. And could the story end here, our hearts would be joyful and every face be full of light today. But alas! with heavy loss has the victory been achieved, and every heart is bowed.

Five brave men—not one of them a fireman—each but a citizen and a volunteer, under no prompting but that of a generous spirit and under no command but that of their own daring will, have yielded up their lives as a sacrifice; and when the evening came the scene of their brave endeavors had become their tomb,—the crumbled ruins and the dying flames their funeral pyre.

Amongst them was James A. Vaughan a native of Richmond, but who for seven or eight years had made his home amongst us. He was in the morning of his days, but thirty-three years of age, and his aged parents now mourn the fate of a noble son, and his two orphaned children know no more a tender father's care.

His employer, Mr. Robert Waldron, in whose service he had been long engaged said of him this morning that he was accommodating and courteous, willing to work, and devoted to his tasks, and that he was truthful and trusty. This is better than any studied eulogy, and a worthy tribute to a worthy man.

Another victim is Captain Wm. R. Moore, a native of Franklin County, a conductor by vocation in the service of the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, and a resident of our town. He had just builded for himself a new home, but the vision of happiness which filled it, has vanished as a gilded chord, for his sun is set.

He had reached the meridian of his years of age—a man of fine stature, and presence, and of handsome pleasing face. As the flames seemed to be making dreadful headway, and a few fearless volunteers were about to make a daring venture within the walls of the burning Virginian building to stay them, he, conscious of the risk, turned to a friend and handed him his watch for preservation.

And ere another hour had rolled around he had passed from time to eternity, and a charred and broken body was all that remained. His mother, and sister, and three children, now fatherless and motherless, weep for him whom they shall see no more. "He was a square man," said one today who knew him well. Then, with him all is well.

Yet another of the fallen is Felix Delbelvre, a native of Louisiana. He came to Virginia with the soldiers of that State in 1861—a Confederate volunteer—to risk his life in battle for Virginia and the South. Spared by the bolts of war, he has realized that the son of man cometh like a thief in the night, at a time known not of. He was singularly amiable and kindly in his ways, and few will soon forget his cheerful greetings. He came a stranger here, but he will not rest in a strange land, for we will honor his memory and with friendly hands confide his dust to a hospitable grave.

James T. Clemens—a native of this city, where he had spent his life, is upon the roll of the dead—a good friend and a good husband, they say who knew him best, a faithful worker and a brave man. This day, had he lived to see it would have commemorated his twenty-fifth year, for he was born on the thirty-first of May, 1858. Sad celebration is this of his birth anniversary; but the gates of the better land are ever ajar for those who die at duty's post, and let us hope, that while the widowed wife and sorrowing kind grieve for his loss, he has been born again where sorrow is unknown.

And Halsey Gouldman,—he who dared so often and so often was unscathed;—he who was ever so ready to help when help was needed;—he who seemed to find joy in perils which blanched the cheeks of the brave,—he too, alas! is dead.

None was better known than he. Boy and man, his face was familiar both to the gray haired man, and to the child at play, and all saw in it the kindness of a nature that was happy in rendering generous service, and never happier than when that service elicited daring deeds.

The ancients gave highest honor to him who had saved the life of a fellow man. This he had done on one occasion at hazard of his own and if you could get together in one heap all of the

property of the citizens of this town that he has plucked from the flames, in many exigencies in which he wrought to save, you would have reared to him a monument that would overtop your tallest spire.

Poor Halsey! many an eye grows moist, and many a heart feels keenest pang of grief at mention of his name; and the mother who loved him, and whom he loved, and brothers and sisters, and little ones, who now mourn the son, brother and father, dead—know full well that a sorrowing people mingle tears with theirs.

And now we come to bury our dead. It were unfitting to fill the solemn hour with long-drawn praise.

Of their orphans we should think, for them we should act, for thus only can we do rightful honor to their fathers' memory.

For us their fathers gave their lives, and let them be the children of the people, and find in your remembrance all that man can do to substitute a loss which earth cannot repair, and only God can heal.

There are some beautiful thoughts in Addison's little essay in the "Spectator," called reflections on Westminster Abbey. Says he:

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombstones of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and disputes of mankind.

"When I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all be contemporaries and make our appearance together."

In somewhat similar train of thought, when I contemplate a brave man, falling at his post, while his heart beats high and warm with impulse, and his strong arm is striking courageous blows for the good of his fellowmen, methinks that life has found fitting and glorious close; and as his dauntless spirit makes its flight, without a pang, we bid it fond adieu. Human life has been likened to the track of an arrow through the air. A brave man's life fills with

light the track it cleaves, and the arrow itself flies to a bright and skyward mark.

As brave men died those whom the people mourn today. We can now only invoke the balm of Heaven for the hearts that bleed, committing their dust to the earth from which they sprung, and their souls to God who gave.

To their memories honor! To their ashes peace!

The address of Major Daniel was an eloquent and merited tribute to the dead, and was spoken with an earnestness and feeling that excited the tender emotions of the audience, his gentle, touching and feeling response in the "silent manliness of grief," and in the sobs and tears of sympathetic women. The voice of the speaker was at times tremulous with emotion, and the scene presented during the delivery of his beautiful address was one that no pen can picture nor mortal tongue describe.

At the conclusion of the oration, the exercises were brought to a close with prayer by Rev. W. R. L. Smith and the benediction by Mr. Carson. The remains were then borne out of the hall to the hearses and the funeral cortege took up its solemn march through the streets to the Presbyterian Cemetery, following being the

ORDER OF PROCESSION

Fire Brigade
Home Guard
Band
Light Artillery Blues
Hearses—with Pall Bearers on each side
Hill City Guards
Band
Virginia Guards
Families Deceased
City Council
Red Men
St. Patrick's Society
Tobacco Association—on foot
Cigar Makers' Union
Citizens—mounted and on foot

The line of march was up Main Street to Fifth; up Fifth to Court; down Court to Twelfth; out Twelfth to Grace and out Grace to the Presbyterian Cemetery.

The procession was by far the largest ever witnessed in this city, being nearly, if not quite, one mile in length. It was an awe-inspiring scene—a grand and impressive funeral pageant; and its progress was watched with interest and veneration by thousands of people. Arriving at the cemetery the bodies of Halsey Gouldman, James Vaughan, James Clemens and Felix Delbelvre were laid to rest, side by side, in the square specially provided to receive their honored remains, the body of Captain Wm. R. Moore, being interred, in compliance with his express wishes, beside that of his wife in Spring Hill Cemetery. Revs. J. H. Williams, R. R. Acree, and James M. Rawlings conducted the funeral exercises at the graves; and after the last formal rites had been performed the newly-made mounds were covered with beautiful flowers, and the sorrowing concourse turned sadly away, more sensibly than ever before impressed with the truism that: “Whate’er of earth is form’d to earth returns”; but at the same time encouraged in the happier reflection that—

“... the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.”

And thus closed the last sad scene in a tragedy, the like of which never before startled this town, and the like of which, it is sincerely trusted, may never visit our community again. Peace to the ashes of the departed brave, and peace and consolation to the hearts of the surviving loved ones.

JUDGE JAMES GARLAND

ACCOUNT OF THE BANQUET GIVEN HIM BY THE BAR OF LYNCHBURG ON HIS 90TH BIRTH- DAY (JUNE 6, 1882), AS REPORTED IN "THE LYNCHBURG GAZETTE" OF JUNE 11, 1882

The 90th birthday of the Hon. James Garland, present Judge of the Corporation Court of Lynchburg, was fittingly celebrated at the Norvell House by the Bar of the city on Tuesday evening last. It was an occasion the like of which has never been seen, and probably will never occur again.

At nine o'clock the Bar, with a few invited guests, assembled in the parlors, and a half-hour later Judge Garland himself arrived, receiving and acknowledging the hearty congratulations of the company as he entered the room.

About ten o'clock the company, comprising the following named gentlemen, repaired to the Banquet Hall and took seats at the table—Hon. T. J. Kirkpatrick first invoking the Divine blessing:

Honorable James Garland, Judge of the Corporation Court.

Members of the Bar—Hon. R. G. H. Kean, Wm. T. Yancey, Robert J. Davis, Edward S. Brown, Hon. T. J. Kirkpatrick, Robert Craighill, Chas. A. Slaughter, Wm. H. Dudley, Randolph Harrison, Col. L. S. Marye, N. C. Manson, Jr., T. N. Williams, Robert Yancey, R. P. W. Morris, Capt. Chas. M. Blackford, W. H. H. Harris, J. W. Mitchell, Thos. Preston, A. H. Burroughs, Jno. H. Christian, Hon. Jno. W. Daniel, John H. Lewis, Hon. J. Singleton Diggs, A. Christian, Commonwealth's Attorney, Hon. Stephen Adams, John M. Payne, Wm. V. Wilson, Jr., L. M. Kean, R. E. Manson, Hon. Thos. Whitehead, Editor *Advance*.

Invited Guests—Hon. S. G. Wingfield, Mayor of the City; Hon. Chas. W. Button, Editor *Virginian*; Alexander McDonald, Editor *News*; Louis D. Button, Editor *Gazette*; Mr. L. F. Brown, Special Reporter for the *Gazette*; Dr. H. Gray Latham, and Mr. Michael Connell. Several members of the Bar were unavoidably absent.

MENU

Coffee, Tea, Chocolate. Clam Chowder, Broiled Bluefish, Baked Sheephead a la Boudro, Spots. Spring Chicken (Broiled), Salmi of Duck with Mushrooms, Stuffed Young Pig (Roast), Saddle of Lamb (with Tomatoes), Tongue, Boned Capon, Smithfield Ham (Baked), Pate de Foie Gras. Deviled Crabs, Chicken Salad, Ragout of Lobster a la Provincale, Sardines, Heindon Salad, Soft Crabs. Pickles, French Mustard, Tomato Catsup, Anchovy Worcestershire Sauce, Lettuce, Tomatoes, Edam Cheese. French Twist, Cinnamon Buns, Rolls, Biscuit Duchesse, Cream Crackers. Almond Drops, English Macaroons, Jolly Diamonds, Cream Kisses (Assorted), Vienna Steeples, Atlantic Cable Cake, Fruit Cakes Glacé. Maraschino Jelly, Strawberry Cream, Madeira Wine Jelly, Vanilla Cream. Bananas, Oranges, Apples, Strawberries, Peaches — English Walnuts, Pecans, Almonds, Brazil Nuts, Filberts. Sherry (Duff Gordon), Madeira (1865), Champagnes (Mumm's and Heidsick's). Cigars (La Belle Senora, El Montero).

After the company had partaken of the above sumptuous repast, served with Mr. Terry's usual elegance and efficiency, and interspersed with those sallies of wit and wisdom which are always characteristic of Bar gatherings, the Hon. R. G. H. Kean, Chairman, arose and said eloquently:

I remember of hearing, many years ago, a remark from a gentleman in Philadelphia, who was himself a striking illustration of the truth of his own saying, that "men will rust out far sooner than they will wear out." The legal profession is eminently one of industry. The truth of this saying has been historically illustrated in all the ages. In our own time we have seen a number of octogenarian judges, on both sides of the Atlantic, among the English speaking people. There was Eldon, and Kenyon, and Brougham, and others across the water, and Kent, who lived beyond the age of 80, and others on this side. But I remember to have read or to have heard of none anywhere who, at the age of four score years and ten, remained with the ermine still upon their shoulders. That is reserved for the first Constitutional judge of the Corporation Court of Lynchburg. (Great applause.) We meet here tonight to do ourselves honor in doing honor to this veteran.

On the 6th of June, 1792, in the County of Albemarle, a few miles west of the county, about as far away as the place where Jefferson was born on the other side on the east, Judge Garland saw the light ninety years ago. Over what a tract of time does this one life take us! Think of it a moment. (Here the speaker alluded to Lords Thurlow and Kenyon, Scott and Eldon, and the positions they held at that time, and to Fox and Burke as the then statesmen of the British Parliament.) It was ten years after that before a steamboat existed; forty years before a railroad existed, and fifty years before a telegraph was ever heard of; Louis 16th and Maria Antoinette wore the Kingly and Queenly crown of France. The States' General were sitting then, and on the day when Judge Garland was two weeks old the Parisian mob burst into the Tuileries and compelled Louis the 16th to present himself with the cap of liberty upon his head. A youth, just from the military school at Briennes, witnessing this spectacle, observed with scorn, "The wretches! A discharge of grape would kill five hundred, and the rest would run away." The first census of the United States, taken just two years before, showed a total population of 4,901,000, and it was the commencement of the third year of Washington's first term. Where then was a vast stretch of wilderness, a thousand cities have now their surging populations. And in those early days Judge Garland gave his uncommon powers to our profession, before even he reached his legal majority. I will not undertake to give you an account of how, all his life time, he was engaged in measuring with other the sword which he wielded with Titanic power, how he measured that sword with the great ones of the days gone by at the Virginia Bar, and how in after years in the fullness of his own developed powers, he was called by his people to serve them in the Witenagamot of the nation, and how, at a time of life that few men ever reach at all, he was called by the General Assembly of this State to don the robes of ermine an octogenarian judge. And now, here he is, still with us in wonderful possession of his faculties. I propose the following sentiment:

Our Venerable Guest—Hon. James Garland, Judge of the Corporation Court of Lynchburg. At four score and ten years, his intellect and character, like generous wine, own the touch of time only in being mellowed and enriched.

To this, the "Old Man Eloquent" responded with apparent emotion but yet with clearness and vigor, identically as follows:

Mr. President and members of the Lynchburg legal profession, and to any others who may be present on this occasion: I should be unjust in my own feelings, unjust to the Lynchburg Bar, truly unjust to the people of Lynchburg, if I did not here experience emotions which no tongue can describe, and feel a pride which I have never felt upon any other occasion.

I came to Lynchburg in 1841, and this occasion is rather darkened by one recollection, and one only. But a single member of the Lynchburg Bar is here now who was here then, and that distinguished gentleman (indicating Mr. Yancey) is here tonight. Daniel has gone; Edley has gone; Dabney has, and Mosby has gone—all of them men who were here then. But, thank God! I see a scene rising now before me, and all through my long legal experience up to the present time, I have seen men rising around me, men of talent, with intelligence, with integrity, with industry, with honor, and all the qualities to fill their places. And during that forty-one years I have been known to you all. For twenty years your Commonwealth's Attorney, and for twelve years the Judge of your Corporation Court, and now this testimony offered by those who have known me all this time, and some of them from their very birth to the present hour, overcomes me, and would be worse than stoical if I did not feel that this hour was the brightest hour of my life. (Applause.) I would be unjust to my feelings if I did not feel that this endorsement by such men as compose the Lynchburg Bar is an endorsement which is worth all the treasures of the world, an endorsement which would give consolation and comfort to me, even in the dying hour. (Applause.) Why, friends, I have known many, very many Bars in Virginia. I remember them well. I have met with the ablest and the best—the purest and the most patriotic men among them, and yet, permit me here to proclaim in the honest sincerity of my heart, that for their numbers, the Lynchburg Bar is exceeded by none in this great State of Virginia, or anywhere else in any place within my knowledge.

I have been upon your Bench for twelve years. I entered upon the duties of that position at seventy-eight years of age, reelected

at eighty-four, and now at ninety I still sit upon that Bench. My heart, my whole soul, has been open to your inspection—open to your examination. And while sometimes I have had to decide in every case adversely to one and favorably to another, this unanimous sentiment, this endorsement as to my integrity, as to my impartiality, and to my efforts to give scope to the truth will be remembered until I shall reach past my grave, aye, will be carried with me to the eternal world, if my memory can look back to such an event, and it will be a legacy to my children and to my grandchildren, that they shall cherish forever the memory of this disinterested testimonial of such men as compose the Lynchburg Bar. I have passed through many troubles and through many consolations, but there is no compliment which I have so appreciated as this. I have had compliments, I have had a public dinner or two given to me, but never have I felt so much consolation, so much pride, and so much gratitude, as I feel on this occasion. Look at the work which we have done! And now, my friends, don't misunderstand me! I do not see and cannot find, in my whole career, professional or judicial, what it is that entitles me to the high compliment which you have paid me through your President. And yet, there is one thing I can know with certainty, and that is, upon all occasions I have been impartial, I have tried to reach the truth, and to administer perfect justice according to the rights of the parties, and not under the influences of any venal power, any prepossession, or even any fear of death. (Applause.) I turn to the record, and don't misunderstand me, I don't claim that it is what I have done that meets with the approbation of this enlightened and intelligent Bar. I claim no credit for my ability or my learning, because I have been guided by the arguments and the learning and the ability of the counsel. Why, I have found myself often taking erroneous views of questions, and when this was the case I have been turned away by their arguments, and I say now, that it has been the counsel, and not myself, who are entitled to the honor. All I claim is the integrity of my motives. I have never permitted the ermine to be soiled, or violated the confidence or the love of my native State, which placed the burden of the Judgeship upon my shoulders. I have never been influenced by party politics, never permitted any one to persuade me by any party consideration in anything that I

have ever said or done; and I can say that whenever and wherever I have been thus charged it has been false.

I look to the records of this Court, my friends and fellow-citizens of the Bar, to testify to one thing—that no court has been better sustained by the confidence of the Bar, and by the aid which they have given to the court than I have been; and in no Corporation Court of the State of Virginia has more courtesy been shown. And I state with gratification that there has been a mass of public trials and of criminal trials, many of which have been sought to be carried to the Court of Appeals, and of those only one has ever been reversed, and substantially but two of any of the civil cases have ever been reversed; because the Bar of Lynchburg has led me in the right path. And now, permit me to say, and to close all I have to say, by the remark that I feel proud, that I feel honored above men when I reflect that seventy years ago I started to the first court outside of the county riding a borrowed horse and with a ninepence in my pocket, and that was to the court of Nelson County, and shortly after I commenced the profession I was called into the public military service, and after I had served six months, I resumed my profession, followed it up, and I leave others to testify with what success. And now, fellow-citizens, I find myself here in this City of Lynchburg from which I have never resided more than thirty-five miles, I find myself honored by a Bar which for honor, integrity and ability, in proportion to its numbers, stands at the side of any Bar in the country. I find myself endorsed and complimented, and humbly thank God that I have lived to this hour, and thank God that it has come when my lamp of life and tenure of office are about to expire together; when I have no favors to bestow, when I have nothing to entice or attract; but it is the honest testimony of men whom I love. And now, permit me to say, ere I quit, to one and all, that there is no lingering feeling of prejudice or unkindness in my bosom to anyone of you. You have been courteous, and I here give the thanks which I feel are due for those courtesies. I shall lay down my life and my all; soon I shall pass over the deep water; soon I shall be gathered to my fathers, and I leave in your hands my reputation as a Judge and as a man, knowing that it will be protected and taken care of, and to all and each of you I pray Almighty God to bestow all the

blessings of life, liberty, prosperity, and happiness, and when you shall end as you must and close your career on earth, I pray that you may be honored and respected by all, and you shall pass where I am about to pass, into the regions of the eternal world, that those blessings of Almighty God may be with you until eternity itself shall end. I thank you, my friends, I thank you kindly, for this compliment and this testimonial.

The applause which followed was hearty and prolonged. When it had ceased the Chairman further said:

In the olden days and monarchical governments, public justice was called the king's justice, the courts the king's courts, and the administration of the law was reckoned the loftiest of the prerogatives. In modern days, and with us, the courts stood to administer the justice of the State.

“And sovereign law, the State's collected will
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.”

It is a high prerogative of the legal profession that from its ranks must be chosen those who fill this loftiest of functions in civil society. Honor is then due to the Bench, and in paying it, the Chair has selected a gentleman to respond whose name has already twice in successive generations illustrated the qualities which adorn the Bench, and whose distinguished success in legal authorship gives token that the same name may yet stand higher on the roll of our national judicatory.

The Chair read the following, and called on Major J. W. Daniel to respond to it:

The Judiciary—When pure, learned, able and laborious—the guardian of rights, the refuge of the innocent and the weak, the exemplars and instructors of society.

In response, Major Daniel, in his most eloquent vein, said:

Mr. Chairman and Brethren of the Bar: I know of nothing better calculated to disturb the equanimity and pleasurable emotions which attend a festival like this, than the apprehension that you are going to be called upon, “by surprise,” of course, to respond to

some such sentiment as this you now propose, and to have the subject which you are expected to handle selected for you. But I congratulate myself, however, sir, that your own skilled hand has thrown upon the canvas in your opening the principal features of your excellent text, and that if I gave here only a repetition of that text, it would be of sufficient worth to relieve my embarrassment. You have very justly placed among the necessary qualifications of the worthy and honorable judge the element of purity. And, sir, in ascertaining this, in making the analysis of the Honorable Judge, it seems to me that there can be no such thing as a good judge, a mind fitted to pass perfect judgment, without purity. The upright judge must be masculine, independent, earnest, unfearing secure in the consciousness of right and satisfied to follow his own convictions. (Applause.) We have seen in England the great Lord Bacon holding the position of Lord Chancellor of England, but soiling the ermine by bribery; and the great Cardinal Wolsey, unlike our venerable friend here, after many and great abuses of his power, could only say, in those melancholy days, at the close of his life, "Had I but served my conscience with half the zeal that I have served my king," etc. (Applause.) There is no scene in human history more pitiful than that of Lord Bacon taking bribes, and his humble and contemptible apology for it. There, too, was Lord Thurlow, coming from the lower walks of life, yet earning for himself a distinguished name and a position in Parliament. He was a man, as you well know, sir, of great learning and ability, and he knew the buttered side of a piece of bread from the opposite one. He earned judicial distinction, but was not particular as to how he obtained it. He was despicable and contemptible in the character of the judge—a fawning sycophant of the powers that be, and would "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning." His character was well known. While making a speech in the House of Lords he exclaimed: "When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me!" and as quick as lightning Wilkes leaped to his feet and cried: "God forget you? He'll see you d—d first." (Laughter.) And I expect, sir, that he did. (Laughter.)

But, Mr. Chairman, the judge must have something more than mere purity. He may be as pure as the icicle that hangs on Diana's

temple. But he must be more than this: he must have, also, the instincts of common sense. He must realize and observe the existence and the changes in customs, in modes of business, and social usages. He should know something of languages and of history; and he can never be a successful lawyer or a good judge unless, with the eye of common sense, he can see how rights have been invaded and how they should be redressed; and without this he will fail, however bright his genius, or however diligent his labor. And he must, as you have said, have those instincts of justice that come from purity. All these pre-eminently adorn the character and give grace to the life of a lawyer; and all these are qualities that are seldom combined in the life of any one man. Chief Justice Marshall, when he was upon the bench with his brother, Story, would often say, "This must be the law, but I leave it to my friend Story to find the authorities." (Laughter.) The judge should be more than simply one who can reach correct conclusions, in order to make the world respect the bench. He may reach a correct conclusion, but the simple conviction of his own conscience is not always satisfactory—does not meet the ends of justice—unless he can make the truth and exactness of that conclusion transparent by reasoning and authority. Then the people will respect the judgment, because they see that it has been reached by wise considerations, and the laws of the land. And furthermore, sir, the good judge must have something more than learning. A man without ability may have learning and nothing more, and his mind will be like an old lumber shop. Without ability, his learning is merely dead capital. The law is not an abstract science, but an applied science, and a science applied to subjects which come nearer to the bosoms of men than, perhaps, any other. It deals with human means, not with the things simply which are external, or which come from the workshops. The judge meets the thoughts, the hopes, the lives, the emotions of this over restless age. To them he has to apply the wisdom of the law, and the convictions of his conscience, and ability, learning, labor, and purity must all come to his aid. And when, Mr. Chairman, the judge stands before the world, pure and upright in his conscience, learned in his information, able to respond to the requirements of his position, to wield that knowledge with which he is equipped, and to be laborious in its application to the

subject before him, then indeed he realizes, as your sentiment so justly states, all that is most noble amongst men. Then, indeed, he stands as a guard to the helpless—gives them a shelter from all the winds that blow (applause); then innocence walks in confidence and the weak in strength (great applause), and virtue sits under her own vine and fig tree, with none to make her afraid. (Long continued applause.)

I shall not weary you or my brethren, or our friends and guests, by a further abstract discussion of the qualities of the perfect judge, for in the guest of the evening, in him in whose honor this banquet is held, I have a living illustration of my text. And will you pardon me if I depart from the toast somewhat and speak of that venerable man? He was the friend of my father, and of my grandfather, and he was my friend also; and in the early days when I first came to the bar, and in some respects, sir, without even the borrowed horse to carry me or the ninepence in my pocket, (for our "little unpleasantness," sir, was rather destructive both to horse and ninepence, whether paid for or otherwise), this old gentleman invited me at this time to his office and there opened to me the stores of his books, and talked to me upon many branches of law. And I hold, sir, that one of the most praiseworthy and beautiful traits in the character of any judge or any lawyer, or any man, whatever may be his position, is a disposition to encourage the honest efforts of the young. (Applause.) But I must say, sir, that after coming to the bar and meeting him in court as an opponent, and having a few passes with him, I began to think that he was like old Kasm in the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi, when he was going for me with gloves off. But however dangerous he may have been as an opponent, however furious he may have been when his clients and their interests were behind him, there is no member of this bar who can truly say that any young man ever had any difficulty in practicing before him, or in getting the ear of the judge, when well nigh overcome by the modesty for which our profession is noted. (Laughter and applause.) And as then he was our friend, so he has been the upright judge, unharmed by any venality, and unswerved by improper propositions. Has he been learned? He did not devote his years to the accumulation of wealth, and if the love of money be the root of all evil, that root

never found any very fruitful soil in him to grow upon. Has he been able? For scores of years he has devoted himself to study, fought his way long ago to the front rank of the bar, and not only at the bar of Lynchburg, but the bar of the whole State, recognized that in him was a foeman worthy of their steel. Has he been laborious? In criminal and in equity jurisprudence, and in the common law, and in the laws of this State, in all these various branches he is a man, sir, whose attainments prove his labors.

And so he stands among us here tonight, honored and venerated by his fellowmen, with their good wishes attending him in his declining years, and with their blessings and benedictions upon his head. And, sir, in closing the few remarks which I have to make upon this occasion, I have only to say that you have uttered the sentiment of this whole community, and beautifully expressed in words our hope that his old age may be happy and his sun go down without a cloud. (Great applause.)

Other responses to toasts appropriate to the occasion were made by Captain Charles M. Blackford, John H. Lewis, Esq., Robert J. Davis, Esq., Hon. R. Page W. Morris, Captain Stephen Adams, Major Thos. J. Kirkpatrick, Messrs. Thomas N. Williams and William T. Yancey, Hon. J. Singleton Diggs (who succeeded Judge Garland on the Corporation Court bench),* John H. Christian, Esq., Hon. Thomas Whitehead, and Messrs. W. H. Dudley and Randolph Harrison, many of which were printed by the *Gazette* in full, and were said by it to be "peculiarly appropriate, learned, brilliant, and thrillingly eloquent." It must have, indeed, been a happy occasion, lasting far into the night, and characterized by rare good fellowship and conviviality as well as learning and eloquence. It is a pleasure to know that the Lynchburg bar of today is composed of worthy successors to those splendid men of half a century ago.

* A brief intervening incumbency was held by Judge C. P. Latham, who served until Judge Diggs was elected by the Legislature. Judge Garland signed his last orders on December 23, 1882, when he was again honored by the Lynchburg bar, which adopted highly complimentary resolutions of admiration and affection, expressing their good wishes to him upon his retirement. He died August 8, 1885.

LYNCHBURG PAST AND PRESENT

Reprinted from Centennial Souvenir of Lynchburg (1886),
prepared by Hinton A. Helper

MAJOR DANIEL'S ADDRESS

Expectation was on tiptoe to hear the address of this distinguished orator. As he was escorted to the stand by the committee, and the thousands of expectant eyes caught sight of his splendid face, a murmur of admiration and delight ran through the assembled throng. He was listened to with the closest attention, not a single soul moving or flagging in attention and interest during the hour and twenty minutes occupied in its delivery. This is unprecedented in similar speeches. Usually the crowd dwindles away to a baker's dozen, but Major Daniel held every one in delighted attention till the last echo of his fine and musical voice died away. Owing to its great length, it is impossible in this publication to give the admirable address in full, but the following extracts, representing the most conspicuous portions, will present the general scope of the speech:

Old Father Time marks upon his dial the fulfillment of the first hundred years of Lynchburg's existence.

Her sons and daughters are gathering here to celebrate her birthday, render thanks to the Giver of all good for His blessings, and give welcome to you who, in your pleasant faces, have contributed to the occasion, in every sense, its most attractive feature.

To the wandering children who have returned to look again upon the scenes of youthful days, we give the greetings of the Old Roof Tree; nor can we forget the distant ones, who can only send us messages of fond recollection.

THE LYNCHBURGER AND CAMPBELLITE ABROAD

The Lynchburger and his Campbellite brother are abroad in all this broad land wherever there are mines to be opened, cities to be built, forests to be felled, or prairies to be ploughed; wherever there are goods to be sold, patients to be doctored, papers to be

edited, schools to be taught, causes to be pleaded, or good offices to be filled.

Joe Baldwin says in "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi": "It makes no odds to the Virginian where he goes, he carries Virginia with him. He never gets acclimated elsewhere. He may breathe in Alabama, but he lives in the Old Dominion. There his treasure is and his heart also. He does not reproach anybody for not being born in Virginia; he thinks the affliction great enough without the reproach."

Some far-away Lynchburger or Campbellite may well have sat for that picture. Wherever he may be, he firmly believes that the sun originally arose out of James River, and that the Peaks of Otter were especially made to accommodate his setting.

He is apt to be sinner enough to follow the Campbell creed that "the lie is the first lick," and is of the opinion that Charles Lynch and William Blackstone "pooled their issues" in founding jurisprudence.

He is convinced that nobody ever taught the young idea how to shoot like Parson Reid, John Carey, Amos Botsford, or Miss Polly Tompkins; that nobody ever defended the mistreated prisoner "at the bar" like Major Risque; and that nobody ever prosecuted a criminal like Major Garland. He knows that the world never saw such ginger cakes as those of Aunt Sally Thurman, and that Blind Billy's fife was more melodious than the Æolian Harp; and the old market house is as indelibly engraven upon his memory as ever was the Coliseum upon that of the ancient Roman. No minstrelsy will ever strike for him refrain so sacred as "Carry me back, oh! carry me back to Old Virginia's shore."

To our kinsfolk in other climes we send the loving greeting of the old folks and the young folks at home.

Campbell County was formed from Bedford in 1774. Two years later the General Assembly of Virginia enacted: "Forty-five acres of land, the property of John Lynch, and lying contiguous to Lynch's Ferry, are hereby vested in John Clarke, Adam Clement, Charles Lynch, John Calloway, Achilles Douglas, William Marten, Jesse Burton, Joseph Stratton, Micajah Moorman, and Charles Brooke, gentlemen, trustees, to be by them or any six of them,

laid off into lots of half an acre each, with convenient streets," and establish a town by the name of Lynchburg.

Had you looked around for Lynchburg then, this act of Assembly is the only place where you would have found it, for the ferryman's cabin on the river bank and Lynch's ferry were the only demonstrations that civilization had yet made in that particular quarter. Then and now! in the narrow compass of this hundred years that lies between them, what vast upheavals, developments and transformations! In that very year, 1786, Virginia stretched her mighty borders to the great lakes of the Northwest, and Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan were yet a part of her possessions. George Washington having resigned his commission as general-in-chief of the American Army, was in retirement at Mount Vernon. Patrick Henry was, for the second time, governor of Virginia. The thirteen states of America had just won their independence, but the jewels set loosely in the crown of freedom, for the states were without a federal constitution and were scarcely held together by the flimsy thread of those Articles of Confederation fully described as declaring everything and doing nothing. Three years ante-dating the Constitution of the United States, which was in 1779, Lynchburg is bounded in her federal relations by Washington's administration on the one side and Cleveland's on the other, and I hope I may be allowed to say in each case, helped to place the boundary stone.

Since then wonderland has been eclipsed in the startling revolution of progress. The railroad and the steamboat, the telegraph, telephone, and phonograph, the reaper and the mower, kerosene oil, gas light and electric light, the daguerreotype and photograph, the chromo and the picture paper, dime novels and ready-made clothes, free schools and coupon bonds, chloroform and cocaine, the cotton gin and the sewing machine, fast trotters and two-pound butter cows—these are some of the wonders that have been showered out of Time's cornucopia. And what a stupendous fabric of free government has arisen; what a mighty pavilion, whose pillars are the people's hands, covers the continent. Then, while the mother country has increased her ten millions but threefold, our three millions have multiplied twentyfold, and now nearly sixty millions of people, with one thought ever ruling them, present the

experiment of the eighteenth in the ripe fruit of the nineteenth century. The problem of man's self-government has been solved; peace reigns without a soldier to command it; civil and religious liberty are triumphant.

Thus is the miracle of America grander than any that rushes in the flying engine, flashes in the electric light, or whispers in the ticking wire—the miracle of the million in superb self-control.

God be praised that the ripened harvest and the peaceful home are the trophies that crown the first century's termination; that it closes its eyes with a smile upon its lips.

A VISION OF THE PAST

All these things have come to pass since first we discovered Lynchburg in a legislative act, and elsewhere searched for it in vain. Let us go back and hunt it up, and see what has become of the ferryman's cabin and Lynch's ferry. Ah! would that old Father Time would lift his curtain and give us a peep at those old days of the eighteenth century. Perhaps then we might catch a glimpse of that fiery, red-coated Colonel Tarleton riding after the magazine and stores of the rebels at New London, then our county seat and principal place of this section. Perhaps we might see the redoubtable rebel, Col. Charles Lynch, administering Lynch law amongst the Tories. Perhaps Horseshoe Robinson would ride by, carrying a message between the Northern and Southern rebels; or Patrick Henry might be passing on to court to speak against Johnny Hook; or Thomas Jefferson might be on the road to Bedford and Poplar Forest. Behold our wish is granted! The view dissolves—grounds and parks, neighing steed and fattening kine* vanish from our sight—the forest closes over the slopes that lie between us and the city—the clustering suburban houses of the landscape, the roofs and steeples that peep over yonder hills—all are gone, wrapped in the thick foliage; we are back in the olden time and the wilderness is about us.

And lo! who is the traveler jogging along on the New London road to Lynch's ferry. A goodly steed he rides—no better at the Fair today; and indeed his countenance is engaging. He is in the

* This speech was made at the old Fair Grounds, now Miller Park.

prime of life—about forty, we should say—and out of his stirrups would stand “full six feet two.” His saddlebags are fat with protruding papers. Horse pistols as long as your arm are in his holsters, but his is a contemplative rather than a martial face, expression somewhat irregular, and clean shaven. We can scarcely call it beautiful—and it is shadowed with lines of care—but the deep-set, greyish hazel eyes, the broad, full brow, from which fall luxuriant chestnut locks, and the beaming benignity and sagacity of his countenance, fix the gaze attracted to them. Behind him, as well mounted, and scarce less well dressed, rides his dark attendant, a figure of aristocratic carriage and conscious importance.

We follow the wayfarer. He reaches College Hill, but not a sign of human dwelling. The hickory and oak, maple and chestnut hold full sway there; Federal, Garland, Court House, Diamond, Franklin and Daniel’s Hills are alike forest covered; the deep chasms here and there between them marked only by undulations of the foliage.

He pursues his way over the hill where now is the deep cut of Twelfth Street, along the edge of the chasm at the foot of Diamond Hill, now crossed by Church Street, and filled up with factories; he rides diagonally across the hillside where now are Main, Eleventh and Tenth Streets, and then down them where now is Ninth Street towards the river. There by the bank, near where the depot of the Norfolk and Western Railroad now stands, is the ferryman’s cabin, the only “local habitation” in all the area to which “Lynchburg” is about to join “a name.” To greet the coming customer there hobbles out on one leg the ferryman, an old soldier, who had marched with Lynch’s militia to Guilford battlefield.

“How are you, my old friend?” says the stranger; “and how’s that hickory limb of yours getting along? Didn’t run at Guilford with the rest of those fellows, did you? I expect you have to thank the British bullet that you didn’t. Well, what’s the fare across?”

“As to the fare over to Amherst,” says the soldier ferryman, “since ’76 all things haven’t been ‘free’ here, but they have been ‘equal’—a shilling for a man and a shilling for a horse, but as for you, Governor, this ferry is free for passage, and equal for safety, too, even if the load is a big one, and may be a future president!

And as for Lynch's boys running at Guilford, true enough, Webster's regulars did make them give back rather sudden, and Tarleton's troopers kept them agoing rather lively, but the Continentals got away with Cornwallis at Yorktown, didn't they? And by the way, Governor, I've heard some of the boys say that, judging by the speed you made when that same fellow Tarleton was hurling big game at Monticello, they reckoned if you had been at Guilford you would have kept up with the best of them."

"Ah, Sawney, a statesman is one thing and a soldier is another—it's for one to cut the wood and another to make the fire. But put me over the river now. I wish I had time to hear you play the fiddle, but I am hurrying on to Albemarle Court, and mind that sharp tongue of yours, for everybody is not as good natured as I am. At any rate, I haven't been at Poplar Forest, and some day I may send you my notes on Virginia, when you'll see what I've been doing. But how is my Quaker friend, John Lynch?"

"Oh, fine, sir, fine; and now that the British are done with, he's got his head full of a city. He rides around here and speers about most every day; thinks these hills are going to bow to him, these wrinkles smooth out to him, and these rocks melt for him. Yes, he's going to build a city right here, he says, and has a splendid one on paper, lacking nothing but places for houses, houses for the places, and people for the houses. If he's going to raise goats, I'd like to go partners with him; but turkeys and possums will be the city folks for a good while, I reckon. Well, if he does, every man will have his own hill certain; if he falls out of his own window he will light in his neighbor's chimney; and if he lives at the foot of a hill he'll have a nice walk into the country to get to the top of it. Build a city here, indeed," and the ferryman laughed and shook his sides till his ruddy jaws were fairly bursting.

"I wish I could ride down to Chestnut Hill and spend the night with John Lynch," said the stranger; "a strong-headed and level-headed man he is. And how's your old Colonel, Charles Lynch; not ailing, as he was, I hope?"

'A little Lynch law now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,'

when it is the work with rascals, and it looks from the way they are cutting up in some sections as if we might need such men as he before we get settled down to reap the fruits that we have won. But I must hurry on, friend Sawney; so give me a lift over the river." Here the stranger dropped something into the old soldier's hand, and then fell into a reverie. Horse and man and lackey and horse were ferried over the James as silently as if they were voyaging over the Styx, and on the Amherst side the traveler dashed away like a cavalier on a centaur.

Pausing as he reached the plateau of the Amherst heights, where now are the remains of the earthworks behind which the Silver Grays and the hospital invalids prepared to give Sheridan a reception when he threatened us with a visit in the winter of 1864-65, the rider turned, and his face lightened as he viewed the vista.

There under the bold bluffs of Amherst rolled the tawny James, seeming as a lake locked in by the circling hills. In front rose the oak and ivy-covered cliffs of Campbell, southward lay the long ridge of Candler's mountain, northward and westward stretched the Blue Ridge, like some leviathan resting on an ocean of leaves, but lifting high its head and goring the heavens with his mighty tusks, the Peaks of Otter. A festival of grandeur was the scene before him. Mountain and river and island in rare conjunction, rolling vistas of woodland in the wild ups and downs of nature, bright and shining in the soft Indian summer.

Ah! if time had turned that side of the curtain that pictures the future to the stranger's gaze, as he has turned the part to ours today, with what startled eyes would he have looked upon the clustering roofs and spires that crown the hills and fill the hollows of the three-mile city front; upon the belgian blocked streets that span the impassable chasms; on the street cars that climb the rugged summits; on the big dam that turns the waters; on the canal bordering the river; on the numerous bridges that leap creek, canal and river; on the smoke of furnace, forge and factory rising in heavy columns. Ah! if then as the twilight gathered the electric lights had thrown their necklace of brilliants around the hills, and suddenly the lightning express of the Virginia Midland Railroad had leaped from a seam on the Amherst cliffs, and rushed across

island and river and the emerging trains from Richmond, Petersburg, Danville, Lexington and Bristol had thundered in to meet it, verily, even the prophetic pen of Thomas Jefferson would have lost its reckoning. But truth is stranger than fiction, and one truth would have been transparent—that the progress of our State, country and race has far transcended the dreams of the farthest reaching prophecy, and the visionary of today is the only man who will be hailed as the wise man tomorrow.

THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CAMPBELL AND LYNCHBURG were a stalwart people—the bone and sinew and brain of the English and Scottish-Irish races. When they came hither from the old country, and from Eastern Virginia, they meant business; and there was nothing shoddy about them. Conservative and patient, industrious and economical, prudent and far-sighted, spirited and patriotic, they threw away little in trifles, and cared little for display, but spent generously whenever charity inclined to pity, or patriotism to sacrifice, or shrewd calculation pointed to gains. And neither America nor the British Isles contain within their borders a community of better heart, or of more sterling integrity and common sense than that which spread its homes upon the hills that looked down on Lynch's Ferry.

OLD TIMES

Before modern life obliterated the distinctiveness of localities and cosmopolized our city population, there had grown up here the model of a thrifty, rich, well-deported, old-fashioned Virginia town, commercial in its caste, and so did it prosper that in 1861 it was heralded as wealthier per capita than any town in the United States, New Bedford, Mass., excepted. I can myself remember when the first variation in architecture occurred. Building big square or oblong houses, in large plots, with gardens, stables and servants' houses around them, keeping carriages and horses (Lynchburg always had a weakness for a good horse), filling their larders with the best that can cheer the inner man, their libraries, not large, but well chosen, of the best selected English classics; manufacturing and shipping tobacco by the river to Richmond, or to the ports of the North or of Europe; sending their

wares by the white canvass-topped wagons to North Carolina, the Valley, Tennessee and Kentucky, the Lynchburg merchants of the olden time amassed wealth rapidly, and lived in ease and modest elegance. Churches and schools abounded, beggars and tramps were curiosities, the dude had not yet put in his appearance, and while the bustle of distant commercial centers seldom arose upon their ears, a well-to-do intelligent people had around them all that makes life worth living, whether of material comfort or of genial and refined society, or of religious resort and consolation. We had no fine opera house then as we have now; baseball had not come into fashion; boat racing on the little river canal was impracticable, because the canal was not there. The modern hotel, such as the Arlington,* was not known, the circus rarely got here, and amusements were not varied; but private theatricals, dances at the Bell Tavern or the Franklin Hotel, militia parades and pleasure parties at Tate's Spring, and great political speaking broke the monotony of land-locked life, and horse races, even without the Fair, were very popular, though in earlier days the Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists gave a less ruddy hue to the social life of Lynchburg than some of these items would indicate.

Had you ridden down to Campbell County Court a generation or two ago, you would have realized, I think, that "Progress," as we style the evolutions of the moderns, does not necessarily produce higher types of manhood.

If the militia were mustering over there, you would have seen martial figures worthy the staff of Washington; if the County Court were in session you would see the dignity and a good deal of the good sense of Blackstone; on the street you would have met the Lynchburg merchant, a stately but generous gentleman, with blue coat and brass buttons, satin vest and spotless linen, not rushing as if off for the next train, but ready to give you a courteous salutation and to chat on any subject, from the weather to the prospects of the Whigs, or the chance of war in Europe. If he liked you, he would not have asked you to refreshments at a restaurant, for everybody had a home in those days, and there

*Where the Virginian Hotel is now.

were no eating-houses; but he would have invited you to stay all night, or at least to a "family dinner."

The church, the press, the medical profession, the bench, the bar, the hustings, the school-house, the bank, the shop, the countingroom, the plantation, all these have been represented here by characters strong and notable, who have left deep impress upon their own and succeeding generations, who were worthy of great affairs and great places. Time forbids elaboration, the fear of invidiousness makes me shrink from particularization; yet I will venture to illustrate by asking, for instance, what greater figure in the biographies of the church is there than that of Bishop John Early, what finer characters than Reid, Ryland, Kinckle or Doggett? What pens illustrated the press more brightly than those of Toler and Pleasants? What stronger men ever pleaded the causes of clients than Major Risque and Christopher Anthony, John O. L. Goggin, James Garland, or Charles L. Mosby? What jurists were more respected than Chancellor Taylor, or Judges William Leigh and Daniel Wilson? What physicians were more estimable than John H. Patteson and William Owens? What tobaccoists were more sagacious than Samuel Miller, Jesse Hare and Augustine Leftwich? What business men were better types of their vocations than Francis B. Deane, John R. McDaniel, Samuel McCorkle, Maurice Langhorne, Henry Davis, Daniel Tompkins and John M. Otey? The epitaphs of the graveyard are not the only memorials that should come after such characters as these, and a host of others worthy to be remembered; and if lofty sentiment be-stirred to seek for those rarely gifted ones who have touched the heart with "the sweet, sad music of humanity," what a page of pathos might be filled with the relics of Vawter, who sleeps in an undistinguished grave in the old Methodist burying ground, or with those of the beloved Gregory, who sleeps in the new-made mound of Spring Hill Cemetery.

A speech at a fair, whether centennial or otherwise, is not the opportunity for reminiscences, and the steam, electricity and hard-cash of our day have little sympathy with Old Mortality wiping the dust from our fathers' urns. But I cannot think of this noble country whose beautiful forests and fields spread around us, or of your noble town that nestles in these nooks, or surmounts these

summits, without wishing that some pen would paint for us the lives and fortunes of the grand old-fashioned people from whom this folk are descended, and from whom we are separated by such brief span of years, but by such broad lines of social change and demarkation.

History that deals with the rise and fall of dynasties,—wars, conquests, political elections and all that, is not often the history that enchants the imagination, mellows the affections, instructs the heart, or stirs the soul to its holiest and loftiest emotions. Statistics never yet warmed into romance, or evolved a hero. A child writes a better letter from home to the absentee than a maturer person, because the child tells precisely just what it sees and hears—how the baby fell down stairs, how the colt jumped the garden fence, and how the cat got into the meal tub; and it is the history of incidents and anecdotes and personal reminiscences, the lights and shadows of the lives lived by those gone before us, that fascinates, captivates and leaves its impress upon us. We want indeed the facts of progress, but there is need, too, that some pious minstrel hand take down the harp that hangs in

“The Witch Elm that shades St. Fillman’s spring,”

and sweep its chords with the memories of the days that have vanished.

LYNCHBURG AND CAMPBELL IN THE CONFEDERATE WAR

The peace that sheds its halcyon light upon this scene has now even lost its charm. War has wrapt these hills in its crimson clouds, and shaken them with its thunders, and Campbell and Lynchburg met its fury side by side, with face unblanching and crest uncowed.

Our great-grandfathers had fought in the revolution with Lynch and Greene, and Light Horse Harry Lee; their sons had gone out to fight the British again in 1812; their grandsons enlisted for Mexico in 1847; and now again in 1861, behold the martial scene, for the Home Guard, the Rifle Grays, the Wise Troop, the Lynchburg Rifles, the Jeff. Davis Guard, the Beauregard Artillery and Latham’s Battery are marching away; the bands are playing

Dixie, and "the Bonnie Blue Flag" is flying in the "land where we were dreaming." And here, too, from Campbell rides Alexander's troop; Adam Clement is stepping grimly at the head of Company C, and by Saunders' side Sergeant Lazenby is demanding loud and long that Company B shall "fall in."

LYNCHBURG AS IT IS

The policy of the city is just as plain as that of the country. Their interests are one, only their methods vary. Lynchburg is a city now, the fourth in size in Virginia, the third in progress, and second to none in hopeful prospects. City she is, but she is just beginning to feel the blood of cityhood tingling in her veins. The youth arrived at man's estate is scarce yet conscious of his powers. What are we? What shall we be?

CHURCHES

We have twenty-four churches to begin with of various denominations, and the Young Men's Christian Association is doing noble work in erecting a handsome hall and opening the resources of a fine library to the youths of Lynchburg. We have excellent public buildings—the orphan asylum, founded by Samuel Miller's charity; a public park that will ere long be beautified; and in a short time the magnificent Federal post-office and customs house will be completed.

SCHOOLS

We have a school system that is attracting strangers here to locate by its advantages, and which is unusually satisfactory to its patrons—a school system which is the pride of the State, with high school buildings for both white and colored people, employing nearly fifty teachers, and with a young army of over 2,600 scholars. The cost per month is but \$1.12 per pupil. The whole cost per annum is about \$25,000, of which the State pays \$6,000 and the city \$17,000.

Well done for Lynchburg!

WATER WORKS

Of her water works Lynchburg may be fairly proud. In 1813 the village built a little reservoir in rear of the old market house, on Bridge Street, with a capacity of 8,000 gallons. In 1828 the town established new water works and a reservoir on Clay Street of 400,000 gallons capacity, at an elevation 253 feet above water-level—a feat then unprecedented in the United States. Within a few years past the city has renovated and enlarged the water system; the beautiful stone lake on the site of the old reservoir, and the massive granite bowl on College Hill, 330 feet above the river, and with a capacity of 8,500,000 gallons, are alike creditable to your good taste and enterprising spirit. The water lift to College Hill is believed to be as high as any in the world; and the pump that does the work was manufactured here.

STREETS

The streets of Lynchburg, forty-nine miles in length, and five miles of which are paved, are beginning to bear evidence of the new and progressive spirit that now happily pervades its council. Since 1879 we have spent upon them \$364,000, an annual average of \$52,000. No money was ever better spent, and the improvement is substantial and durable.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

Our paid fire department, with its well drilled brigade, is a model, and if you wish to see man and horse, harness and wheels move as if all constituted a single entity, just turn in an alarm of fire by the electric bell and behold the picture.

LIGHTS

Our gas lights and electric lights combined, the batteries producing them being worked by the water-power of the James River, three miles distant, prove that Lynchburg is a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid even in the night time.

TOBACCO

It is gratifying to know that Lynchburg still maintains her claim to be called “the Tobacco City.” Thirty-nine houses are engaged

here in the manufacture of the weed, and forty-one as manipulators and shippers. The recent report of President Edwards, of the Tobacco Association, shows that she is the largest loose tobacco market in the world selling in 1886 within a fraction of 50,000,000 pounds, an increase in the average annual sales for fifteen years of 145 per cent, and an increase over the sales of 1885 of twenty-nine per cent. We are pressing Richmond closely as a general tobacco mart, and are still ten million pounds ahead of Danville, our busy and pushing neighbor. This speaks well for our tobaccoists, and for our customers. But we must do other things besides buy, sell and manufacture tobacco, and must vary our industries to grow and prosper. No city can afford to depend on any one line of business; as the human body cannot be sustained by any one kind of food. What are we doing in other respects? What can we do?

BANKS

The Lynchburg banks are admirable. In stock and discounted paper they represent a capital of between three and five millions of dollars. In all the panicky years since the war there has never been a run on any one of them; not one of them ever suspended cash payments for a moment; no depositor has ever lost a dollar; no cashier or president has ever committed suicide or taken a trip to Canada. This is due to three things: The excellent conduct of administration, the good sense of the people and the good will between the banks, which well know that the welfare of all is involved in that of each. If you have any spare change, my friend, a Lynchburg banking house is the place to put it in, and you can take your choice between four National banks, one State bank and two private bankers.

OUR IRON INDUSTRIES

Our iron industries are new, vigorous and prosperous. A liberal and enlightened gentleman, General Grubb, from New Jersey, has established here a blast furnace which is turning the ore into pig metal.

The Glamorgan Works, a local enterprise, with a young and capable president, are working the product of the furnace into merchant bars; its machine shops are turning the bars into machin-

ery; and they are equipped with the best tools, and ready to build a steam engine, a flouring mill, or a horse-power, or almost anything else in the line of a first-class establishment.

Just beyond the corporate line, below "the big dam," is the Old Virginia Nail Works—new, too—with a water front of a mile in length available for sites of similar plants. It is operated by three turbine wheels, with 350 horse-power. It consumes monthly 750 tons of coal, 550 tons of pig iron, 40 tons of ore; produces monthly 8,500 kegs of nails and 100 tons of bar iron, and gives employment to 250 people.

The iron hand points out our destiny.

ENCOURAGE HOME ENTERPRISES— MANUFACTURES!

Herein lies the road to prosperity—the only road—and must be trodden, else we retrograde, else we perish. A few years ago two-thirds of the domestic goods sold by Guggenheimer were of Northern manufacture. Now three-fourths of them are of Southern manufacture. This shows what the South is doing. But none of them are of Lynchburg manufacture. Why not? Liberty is making, with her few woolen mills, the cadet gray for the West Point corps. All honor to her, but why not we? The Charlottesville woolen mills have their fabrics in every city. Why not we? Danville, with two magnificent new woolen mills, is forging ahead. Why not we? Fredericksburg and Winchester are making shoes that would be a credit to Lynn. Why not we? Roanoke is making engines and cars for New England railroads. Why not we? New York City ten years ago had over one hundred wholesale dry goods jobbing houses. Now, I am told, she has not a dozen. Why? Because the West encourages its home wholesale houses.

I repeat: Encourage your home merchants, and manufacture products for them to sell.

You have a water-power here at your doors that is craving work, too. Every wave of the river, every roar of the dams, is an appeal for labor. Cotton is at your gates; woods, and wool and iron and coal are ready to serve you. Spread wide your city limits; stretch out broad avenues to the plateaus and valleys around you; plant them with trees; leave here and there parks and reservations;

lay your gas mains and your water pipes, and build your sidewalks out to the places where Nature in her beauty invites man to make his home; fight "old fogysm" and "pull-backism" wherever you find them. "Know thyself" is what the times cry aloud to Lynchburg today. Gird up your loins. Realize your advantage and your opportunity. Establish here a female college of the highest grade, so that our daughters will not have to leave their firesides and go to Roanoke, or Staunton, which have both gotten ahead of us. Build a handsome suburban hotel, where, in this beautiful mountain retreat, with mineral waters and lovely scenery around them, our own people can escape the city heat and dust, and where strangers from all parts of the land would delight to resort in summer. Wake up, Lynchburg! The Almighty has given a splendid capital to work with. Go ahead and work with it. Don't be afraid of yourself. Reach out boldly and seize the fruits, that are hanging down to meet you.

You have always been liberal as to internal improvements; no community more so. Fifty years ago you gave \$50,000 to the James River and Kanawha Canal Company, and it paid you. Later you contributed \$500,000 to the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and it pays you. After the war, when matters were depressed, you subscribed \$200,000 to the Lynchburg and Danville Railroad, and it pays you. You and Campbell have just shown your wisdom in subscribing—you \$250,000 and Campbell \$100,000 to the new Lynchburg, Halifax, and Durham Railroad; and I have no doubt, under Otey's* excellent business skill, that that will pay you both richly. Happy augury of the new century is this our centennial road. The day is not far distant when the iron horse will unload his burden right here at the gates of the Fair, even if not admitted on the grounds in competition with other racers of more ancient lineage. With the new road in the first dawn of the new century, let Lynchburg turn over a new leaf, and rousing herself to fulfill her obvious destiny, let her press forward like that army of old of whom it was said by the Hebrew poet: "None was weary or stumbled amongst them; none slumbered or slept; the girdle of their loins was not loosed; nor the latchet of their shoes broken."

*Peter J. Otey.

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